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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3027

The SPHERE, London, April 5, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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TWO QUEENS MEET IN THE NETHERLANDS—QUEEN ELIZABETH IS THE GUEST OF QUEEN JULIANA DURING THE THREE-DAY STATE VISIT : Resplendent in evening dress, with jewels and the insignia of Orders of the two countries, they are seen leaving the Concertgebouw, in Amsterdam, after a special performance. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh travelled to the Netherlands in the Royal yacht *Britannia* and were met by Crown Princess Beatrix, who accompanied them to the landing-stage in the city.

The three-day State Visit to the Netherlands was the first by a reigning British sovereign since the establishment of the kingdom in the last century. Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were the guests of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, who paid a State Visit to London in 1950. The Royal visitors from England began their visit at Amsterdam, where they were met by Queen Juliana after being accompanied from the Royal yacht *Britannia* by Crown Princess Beatrix. Princess Irene, another daughter of the Queen, was also present at the quayside, but Prince Bernhard, who had been suffering from a cold, was unable to attend. He did, however, accompany the Duke of Edinburgh during engagements on the following day. The first engagement of the Royal visitors came shortly after their arrival at the Palace on the Dam, when they walked across the Square to lay a wreath on the National Memorial. In the evening a State dinner was followed by the visit to the Concertgebouw. After Amsterdam, the Queen and the Duke went on to The Hague by way of Aalsmeer and Utrecht, and finally, on the third day, they called at Delft before sailing from Rotterdam. Shortly before the *Britannia* sailed Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard and other guests went on board for a farewell dinner. (Further pictures are on pages 12-15.)

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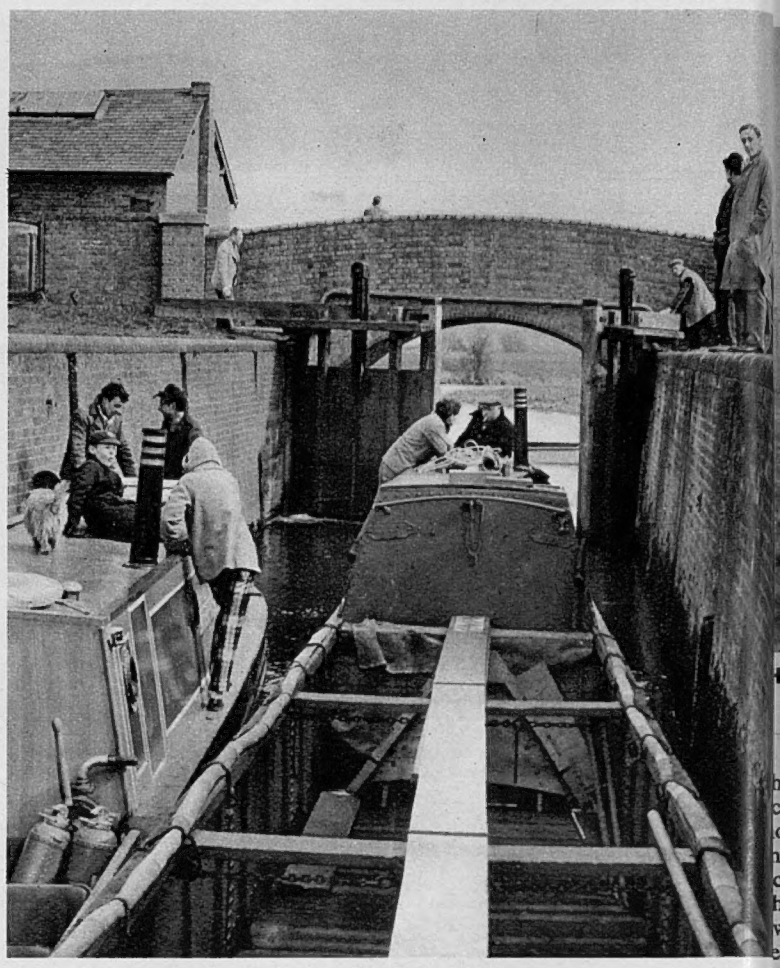

CRUISING ON THE KENNET AND AVON CANAL : *Left*—The *Enterprise*, a newly-converted canal narrow boat, is seen on the canal near Reading, during an inaugural trip to celebr the increase of public interest in travelling on inland waterways. *Right*—The *Enterprise*, on left, and a cargo-barge negotiate a lock. Bus seats have been fitted to seat fi two passengers in the traditional narrow boat, which is powered by a 20-h.p. diesel engine. Throughout the year she will carry people between Reading and Burghfie

A London Newsletter

Easter.—I wish all readers a happy Easter. For the countryman who rules his life and habits by experience, the Easter week-end is a time of voluntary "gating." He stays at home and cultivates his garden, while the noise of traffic on main roads and by-roads sounds in his ears like the swarming of mammoth hordes of outsize bees. Nothing can persuade him beyond his gates but a visit on foot to church or a call to help check the first heath fires or an effort at peaceful persuasion when holidaymakers pull up and carry away his flowering shrubs or daffodils. For Easter, the first holiday of the year and the open road, is for townsmen, and when they behave with decency and moderation, the countryman does not begrudge it them. It needs patience and courage and philosophy of a high standard to take to the open road on a fine Easter Monday and to return "soothly swearing" that a good time was had by all. For townsmen are many and commons and beaches are shrinking, and those which remain are both ugly and, to judge by their notices of "keep out," singularly uninviting. But take the road by all means, if you feel like it, and good luck to you. You will need it.

Cold Winds, Warm Welcomes.—A Royal visit to Holland in a normal March (which last month was not) would be regarded as a gamble in weather, if the comfort of Royal visitors were not usually subordinated to the needs of a congested annual programme. It was a pity that the visit could not have coincided with the glories of the bulb-fields, which are an excellent substitute for outdoor decorations. Fortunately the programme was not filled with many unalterable outdoor ceremonies, and few countries can vie with Holland in the warmth and colour of its art galleries or, indeed, in the supremacy of its cooking. The Rembrandts and the Vermeers at Amsterdam's State Museum and at The Hague's Maritzhuis could worthily supply any warmth and colour deficient in the streets. Not that any degree of Arctic weather would affect the warmth of the greeting to our Queen from the Netherlanders, and there was no need of the warning put out in advance that Dutch women would not curtsy to the Queen, that courtesy having been abolished. The visit coincided with provincial elections which made it an occasion of double interest to politicians accorded the *entrée*. No doubt, they knew how to divide their "loyalties." We have no friendlier neighbours than the Dutch nor any with whom we share so many habits and notions of life.

"Keep Britain Tidy."—The bees which the Princess Royal admitted to swarm in her bonnet on the question of litter in the countryside, have over-spill meetings in many another bonnet. *Keep Britain tidy*. By all means, if it can be done. But where to begin? By pulling down the monstrous erections passed by local authorities, planners and amenity-preservers as appropriate in their settings? By cleaning up the drab horrors of city slums and industrial towns, so as to inculcate a taste for order and decency in those who inhabit them? By broadcasting warnings, putting up more litter baskets, fining on the spot or encouraging the citizen to bring an offender to court. I recall the treatment accorded to one old lady who brought a flagrant offender to court. The Bench was hostile towards her. She left the court a convicted "busybody" who didn't play cricket. No, the remedy lies far in the future. Posterity, if spared the chance of enjoyment of any natural beauty, may perhaps be granted that enjoyment when the £600,000,000 or whatever it is, spent annually on education, together with the minor sums spent on town amenity, have inculcated a measure of taste, decency a culture in some rising generation, and by slow degree race of bureaucrats has been built up capable of appreci ing the different needs of town and country, the importan of settings in relations to buildings, the truth that what useful *may* be made graceful and appropriate. Until th time comes, our masters and pastors must share the blam for a Britain growing ever uglier and more untidy a perhaps take the lion's share of it for the shocki example they offer us and the feebleness of their effo to improve us.

The Crime Wave: An Urgent Duty.—I is my belief that something must be done, and my bet th something will be done, to re-examine the first results recent measures to gentle the penalties of crime, and t tendencies of our time to treat criminals, young and o as "patients" and to forget what is due to their victi and to society. And after examination, to return to san thinking. For if the present violent upsurge of crimes violence and juvenile delinquency has not yet awaken the Home Secretary and the Government to a soc problem of the first importance which must be tackled once, then indeed their heads are totally submerged in t stormy seas of economics and international politics. I not realistic—however pressing the economic and politi issues—to reach for the stars and for the moon before th have cleaned up their own little island and small wor and it is hardly logical to spare what time they may, t making life more comfortable for homosexuals or fiddli with hereditary titles while indiscipline and success disregard of law and order are turning Britain into Chicago underworld. And that is what is happeni under our eyes, and if it is not in large part the first ine able consequence of surrender to sentimentality and cranks, and to an easy acceptance of a national decline moral standards, then we must attribute it to the failu of the police or to the presence in our midst of too ma influences alien to the British character. We need mo proofs before making such charges. We cannot afterli decade or more charge it up to the unseating of reas which results from all major wars, less still to gene poverty and harsh conditions of living. In my opini unless the Government attacks this shocking problem once and as vigorously as it has tried to arrest our slid bankruptcy, it will supply the most logical reason yet the electorate should decide to allow another party "have a stab at it."

Spare the Rod.—If you have taken note of present costs of national education—a startling figure—y may feel some justification for the anxiety recently pressed by Mr. Hackett, a Berkshire magistrate, about relations in Berkshire between school truancy and juve crime. In his division, the majority of adults come be the Bench for traffic offences, but the juvenile court principally with breaking and entering, larceny, recei and sexual offences, and sometimes its calendar comp with an Old Bailey Calendar. The facts revealed to

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HE MOUNTED SQUADRON AND THE ARMOURED CAR REGIMENT OF THE LIFE GUARDS PARADE TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME AS A REGIMENT : The new Colonel, Field-Marshal Lord Harding of Petherton, takes the salute at the trot-past by the Mounted Squadron during the review in Windsor Great Park. Following the Mounted Squadron came the armoured cars, a salute being fired from the two-pounder guns. Lord Harding congratulated the regiment on a " faultless turn-out, fit and lively appearance and fine soldierly bearing."

hat a majority of these young delinquents are confirmed chool truants. The county education committees and one other can deal with truancy, which is the strongest nducement to juvenile crime. Schoolteachers may not ct on their own, parents often have no idea that their hildren are playing truant. The magistrates are made ware of it only in court. Mr. Hackett's Bench made everal representations to the County Education Com- nittee which were politely acknowledged and apparently filed. Teachers know well that " corporal action " might nvolve them in summonses for assault by parents. Magistrates no longer can use that most effective deterrent, while juvenile courts are conducted anonymously and in elvet gloves. It certainly seems that the time has come or the Home Secretary and the Minister of Education to ake note of the present incidence of juvenile crime and of dult crimes of violence and successful get-aways with pay- ash and safe deposits, to decide that these waves have eached a serious peak and to take measures to persuade heir colleagues to remember how the garrotting wave was ealt with in Victorian times. To revert to what has been bolished as too crude for modern society may not be ace-saving but might be race-saving. Even Governments re sometimes too hasty, though usually too tardy, ith reforms.

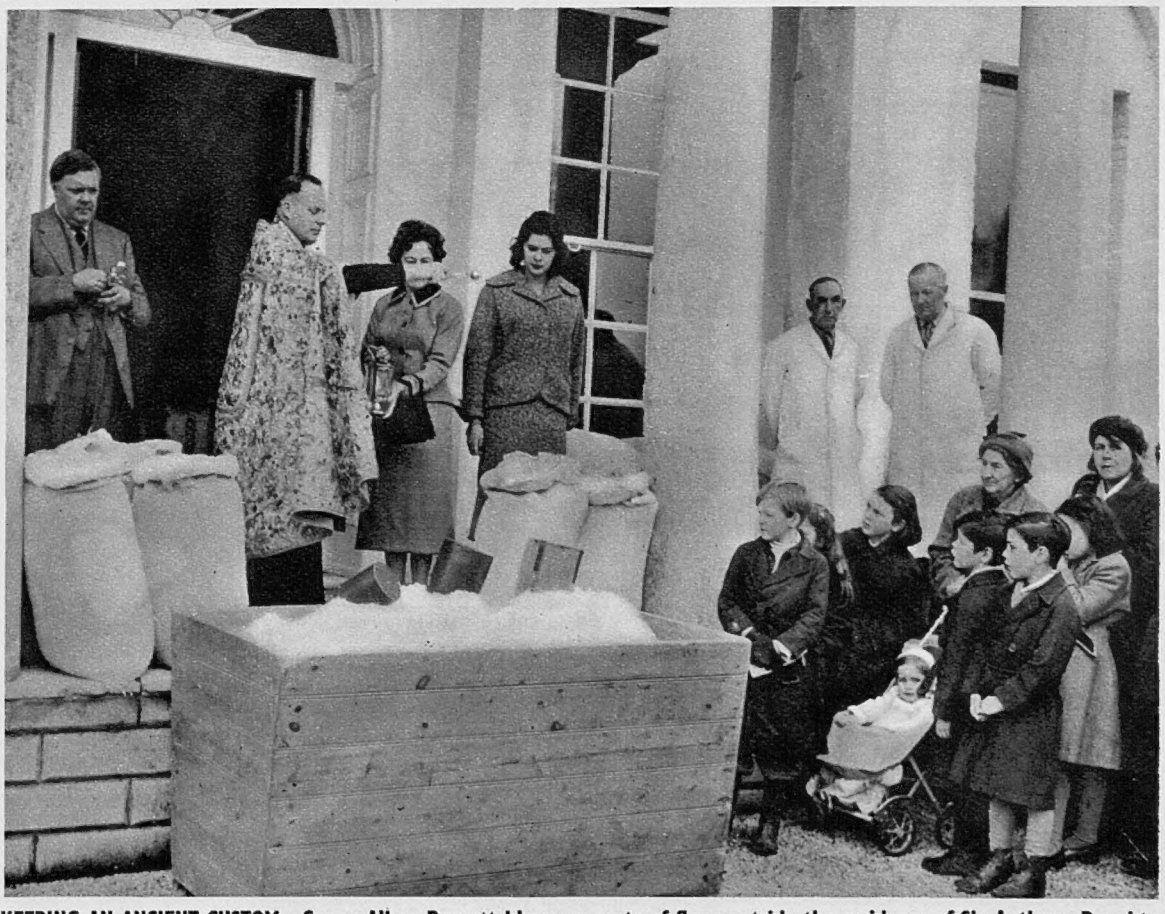
"'Tis Forty Year Since."—Perhaps it is atural that no newspaper I read stooped or stopped to emember the March Retreat of 1918. We have retreated ften enough in the past forty years—sometimes *reculer our mieux sauter*—to justify that retreat as a permanent nniversary. But for some of us citizen soldiers whose ctive service in the field ended in 1918, that day is still a ivid memory despite all that has happened since. Certainly one of our retreats resulted so quickly in a grand and final dvance to victory. So it was that I recalled vividly and oignantly the thinly-held 5th Army line of the Somme wiftly falling back in the mist; the eyes I use to-day saw he single shell which blew a hole in Amiens Cathedral oing its work, and I still have a clear enough recollection f the outskirts of Amiens where the German advance was tayed, of the geese and the armagnac we did not " leave o the invaders," and of my failure to black-out our signal tation which brought on our heads a small example of that ld war's H-bomb. Of the seniors who deserved praise hat day, Ivor Maxse of the XIII Corps died only the ther day. General Gough, who received more blame han praise—compelled as he was to build bricks without traw despite his constant warnings—may have remembered he anniversary with better excuse than I. We may have ought that war with " bows and arrows," but it was in its way quite a Dunkirk, and in no retreat of that magnitude id the worst turn more quickly to the best. It wasn't long efore we were marching over the Hohenzollern Bridge t Cologne.

. . . When the Horses are Stolen.—Poetic ustice is perhaps not the right phrase in which to sum up he coal industry's present plight. But a long and obstinate efusal to face simple economic facts may fairly be offered s a factor in the present state of things. When the public s urged to switch again from oil to coal to save our basic industry, we are entitled to reassemble the causes which ed us to take that expensive decision to abandon solid fuel. Year after year, we suffered under the most intoler- able and inequitable service ever offered by suppliers of national needs. Slate and slack were delivered to us to be paid for at gold-dust prices; often enough there was an nsufficiency even of that rubbish, and we had to go down on our knees to beg a sackful off our supplier to keep the ot boiling and the pipes unfrozen. Screening had ceased o be a duty, and the prices rose steeply as the quality continued to decline. There was ever excuse to " feather- bed " the workers in a dangerous and uncomfortable trade, but in the efforts to obtain for them fairer rewards and conditions, the Board and the workers totally disregarded the needs and convenience of the public for far too long. There are many grounds for excuse and justification, but the primitive economic law rejects them. The customer is an equal partner in any successful trading. That justified the saying: " The customer is always right." If your price is too high, your deliveries uncertain, your goods unattractive, you can't blame the customer if he tries some other line somewhere else; with the consequence that you may have an undisposable stock. When I look back on the humiliations, disappointments and panic shifts I have endured over coal supplies in past years, I lose sight of the difficulties that faced the industry and baldly recognise the inevitable economic consequence.

The Last Debutante ?—I hope that the " last debutante " survived the winds of March and will survive to tell her grandchildren how chance decided that she should " wind up " an ancient social custom of the Age of Privilege no longer considered apt and tactful, and how she dressed for the sacrificial act in a garment diaphanous enough for a summer day in the plains of India; or so I judged from a Press photograph. To be beautifully dressed often entails bodily suffering; to be sensibly dressed may entail mental suffering, when the chances of spring weather urge the prudent to play for safety. For debutantes bodily suffering is to be preferred always to mental suffering. After all, they are launched to be " in the swim " and as a race they are generally pretty tough nowadays. But spring in London has more faces than one, and Heaven gives no guarantee of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb. There was no such tempering along the railings of Buckingham Palace, where the long queue shuffled and shivered to take part in the funeral of one more survivor of the great days of privilege. But what debutante Diana ever weighed the risks, least of all against the chance of being in at the death of such a Waterloo run. But do not fear that you have heard the last of debutantes. Times may be bad for intellectual weeklies, but others will not yield their trump cards without a struggle. They will keep the debutantes alive and kicking.

The Latest Gadget.—An atom-engined sub- marine merchant ship of 80,000 tons, capable of doing 50 knots and requiring a total crew of twelve, is hopefully promised for 1963. True, it is a private venture in the experimental stage of tank models, but " the Admiralty are interested." And why not ? Five years is a long time in our present scientific development tempo. Five years ago, who thought of satellites ? Or Zetas ? And if merchant ships and tankers, why not liners and 80,000-ton fighting ships ? But it is not too soon for those who occupy their business in great waters to follow the lead of the miners and go into the serious problem of redundancy. By 1963 we may well be a nation of lotus-eaters, with all our needs press-button-served and but one adult in a thousand employed to serve us. And then the social problem will be redundancy in hours of idleness, a problem which national education will not be ready to solve by 1963.

THE OLD STAGER



KEEPING AN ANCIENT CUSTOM : Canon Alban Burrett blesses a crate of flour outside the residence of Sir Anthony Doughty Tichborne, at the village of Tichborne, Hants. The flour is doled out to all the villagers in accordance with an ancient curse which threatens to end the line of the Tichborne family if a dole of flour is not provided annually.

MR. WHAT'S NATIONAL

An Irish Horse Wins the Big Race at Aintree

In the last six years four of the Grand National winners have been trained in Ireland, the latest being Mr. What, who came home in no uncertain manner at Aintree last Saturday. The going was heavy and visibility for spectators in the stands was not good. All the field cleared the first fence, but Longmead was down at the second, and the ensuing obstacles up to the Canal Turn took their usual toll of victims. At the Canal Stand and Valentine's the leaders were Goosander, Athenian, Green Drill, Never Say When and Tiberetta, and this was the order as they came up to the stands for the first time. Mr. What was in the rear of the first bunch, lying about twelfth. Freeman was riding him with consummate skill and as the horses started on the second round he gradually began to bring him up.

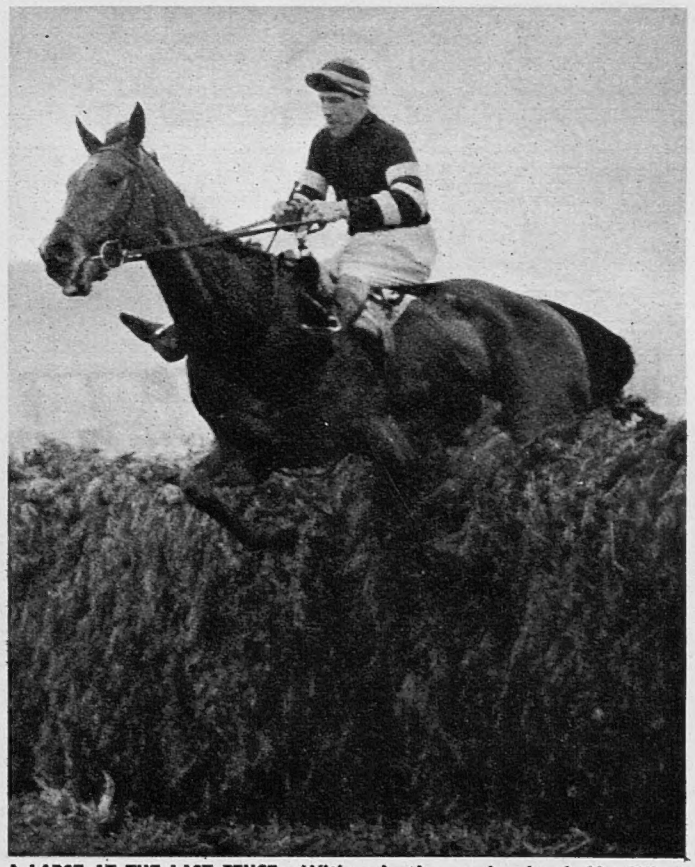
After Becher's he was running clear and, barring accidents, the result could already be forecast. But no one at Aintree can forget the tragedy of Devon Loch, and as Mr. What came to the last fence there was almost a similar sensation. The horse was lengths ahead but he hit the top of the fence and twisted awkwardly. There was a great gasp of alarm from the crowd, but Freeman braced back, Mr. What took the shock and galloped on to obtain a verdict of 30 lengths. The eight-year-old winner was bred by Mrs. O'Neill, who lives near Mullingar, County Westmeath, is owned by Mr. D. J. Coughlan, a manufacturing chemist of Bray, County Wicklow, and trained by T. J. Taaffe.

HALF-WAY ROUND IN THE GRAND NATIONAL OF 1958 : A considerably depleted field takes the water-jump opposite the stands prepares to face the hazards of the second time round the course. In the foreground is Never Say When (No. 23), had been very prominent in the first round. On extreme left is Mr. What (ridden by A. R. Freeman), who was the win

BECHER'S BROOK TAKES ITS USUAL TOLL OF VICTIMS : As the field goes over the 4 ft. 10 in. fence, with its brook below it, for the first time, some of the horses are down and are showing signs of uncertain jumping. Out of the thirty-one starters in this year's Grand National at Aintree on Saturday last only seven completed the course—Mr. W Tiberetta, Green Drill, Wyndburgh, Goosander, E.S.B. and Holly Bank, in that order. A feature to be noted was that in the whole field no horses or jockeys were inj

VER THE FIRST FENCE FOR THE GREATEST PRIZE IN STEEPLECHASING : Owing to the heavy going the horses were off to a slow start. All of them cleared the first fence, although Eagle Lodge (No. 32, on left) nearly threw his rider. Second from the right in the bunch behind the leaders is Wyndburgh, the favourite (No. 6), who completed the course to finish fourth. Last year he was second to Sundew. Another of the seven to pass the winning-post this year was E.S.B., the winner of the Grand National in 1956.

FALL AND ESCAPE FROM DANGER : T. Brookshaw moves quickly across the front of Becher's Brook after his mount, Pippykin, had fallen on the second half of the course. Coming over the fence is Mr. M. Tory on Sydney Jones. By this time Mr. What was forging ahead and had the race well in hand.



A LAPSE AT THE LAST FENCE : With only the run-in ahead, Mr. What hits the top of the obstacle. But Freeman held him and the Irish horse romped home an easy winner by a distance of 30 lengths.

The News in Pictures

On right—

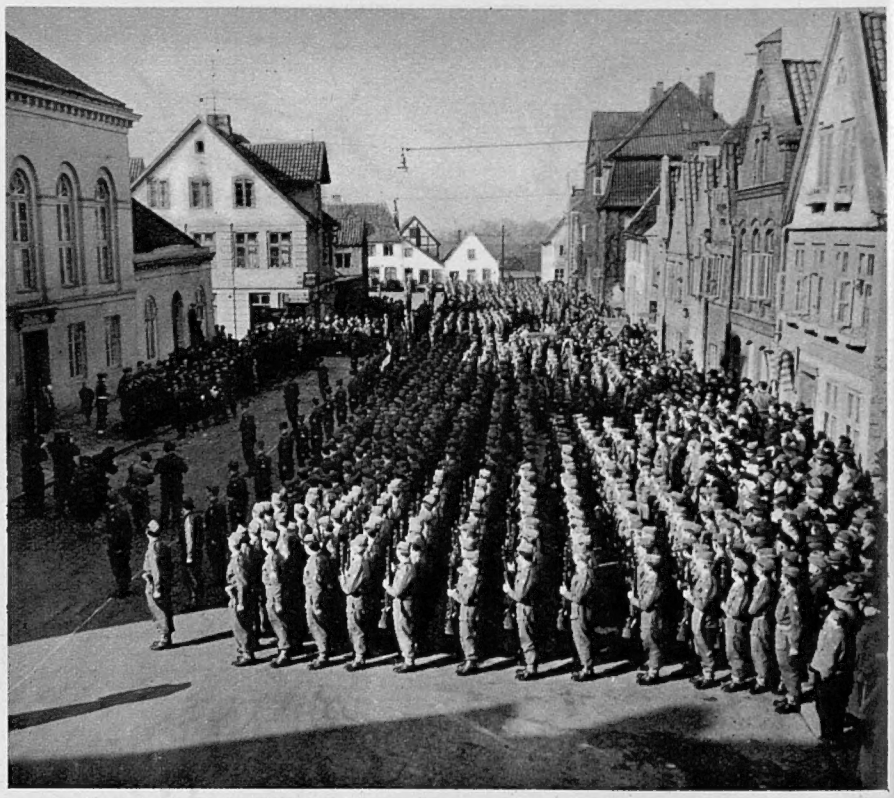
KHRUSHCHEV BECOMES PREMIER OF THE SOVIET UNION: He sits with bowed head as he is elected to his new office at the meeting of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow. In the right foreground is Marshal Voroshilov, President of the U.S.S.R., and immediately behind him is Marshal Bulganin, who was displaced as Premier. On Mr. Khrushchev's right is Mr. Mikoyan. The new Prime Minister will continue to be Secretary-General of the Russian Communist Party and thus for the first time since the death of Stalin the two offices are combined in one man—apart from the period of a few days when Malenkov held both positions. Khrushchev's assumption of further power was not unexpected. As Prime Minister he will have official status at any Summit talks. Last week-end there was great speculation as to whether, like Stalin, he aimed at becoming both Pope and Cæsar. In his speech to the Supreme Soviet he dealt mainly with his agricultural policy, which has caused considerable controversy in Russia both on grounds of its practicability and its relation to Marxism. It is believed that there is considerable opposition to it in the inner party circles. No reference was made at the opening of the Supreme Soviet to the future of Marshal Bulganin. Conceivably he may eventually succeed Voroshilov as President. Although the latter was re-elected to office last week, he is seventy-seven years old.

THE WIFE OF PRESIDENT TITO VOTES IN THE YUGOSLAV ELECTIONS: Madame Josip Broz places her vote in the ballot box in a polling booth in Belgrade. The elections throughout the country were for the First Chamber of the Federal National Assembly (Skupshtina) and for the local assemblies of the six republics of the Yugoslav Federation. Elections for the second Federal Chamber—the Council of Producers—were due to be held a few days later. As was the case with the recent Soviet elections, the Yugoslav citizen could vote only for a Communist-approved list. However, the Yugoslav constitution does allow some measure of individual choice in the nomination of Skupshtina candidates.

On left—

THE DUCE'S WIDOW ATTENDS A POLITICAL MEETING: Donna Rachele Mussolini acknowledges the applause of the audience at a gathering of the Movimento Sociale Italiano (Italian Social Movement) in the Trastevere district of Rome. Although the reorganisation of the old Italian Fascist Party is forbidden by law, the M.S.I. is considered by its opponents to have a Fascist ideology. Donna Rachele had come to the meeting from the island of Ischia, near Naples, where she has been living in retirement with her daughter. Benito Mussolini, dictator of Italy and founder of Fascism, seized power in 1922 and was notorious for his brutality long before Hitler. At the end of the war, after the German surrender in Italy, he and his mistress were seized by partisans and shot.

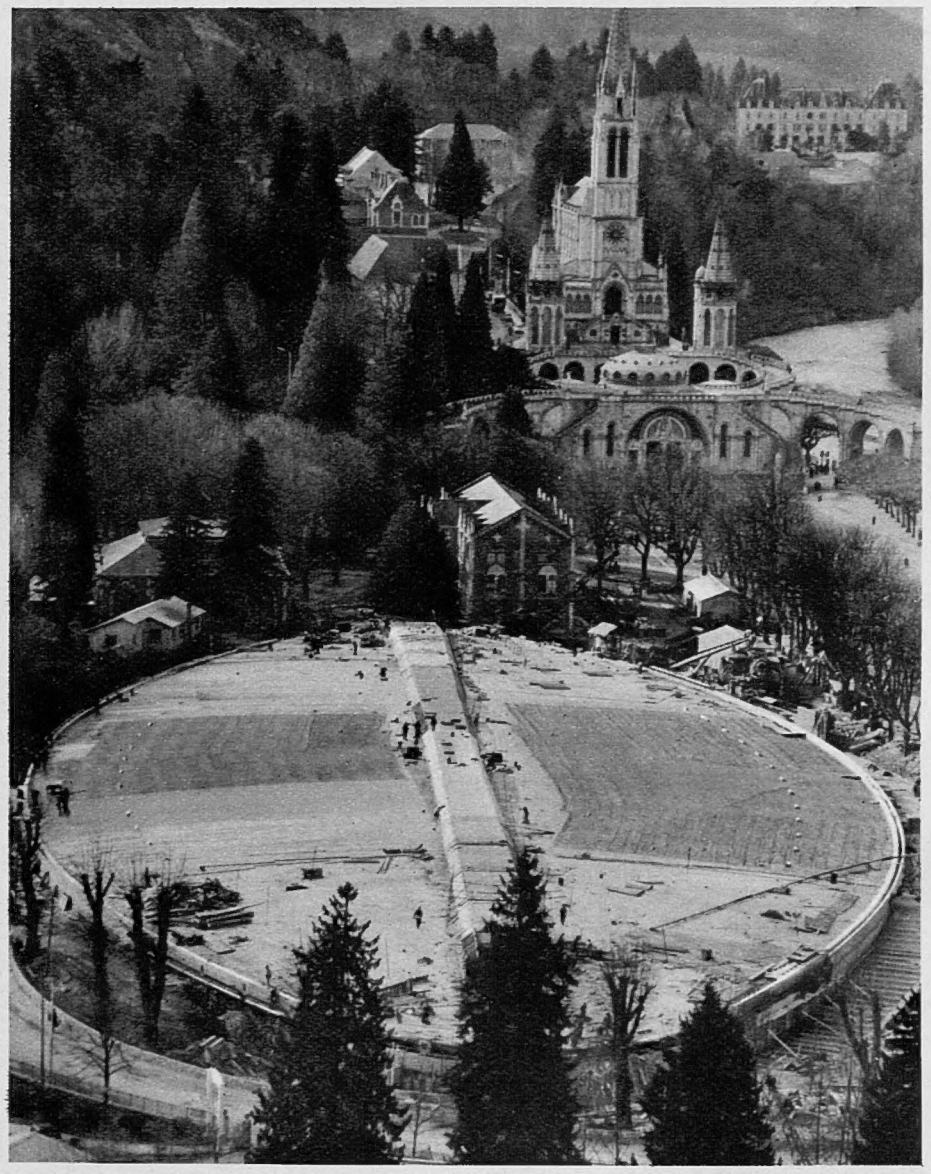
WORKERS DEMONSTRATE IN GERMANY AGAINST ATOMIC WEAPONS: A union leader addresses workers from the Henschel factory, at Kassel, during a demonstration against the possible equipment of the Bundeswehr with atomic weapons. The factory manufactures heavy transport equipment, including armoured cars, for the West German Army. The demonstration took place on the final day of the arms debate in the Bundestag. Despite strong Social-Democrat opposition the Government carried its policy for nuclear weapons for the Bundeswehr.



DANISH TROOPS LEAVE GERMANY: In the military parade to mark the end of Danish occupation in Schleswig Holstein, troops of the Danish Army stand at attention in the streets of Itzehoe, in Northern Germany. They have been stationed in the Southern Jutland Peninsula since the end of the Second World War, when a contingent from Denmark formed part of the Allied Occupation Forces. In the thirteen years some 150 Danish soldiers are reported to have married local German girls. Itzehoe is the oldest town in Holstein. It was founded during the ninth century and lies on the River Stor.

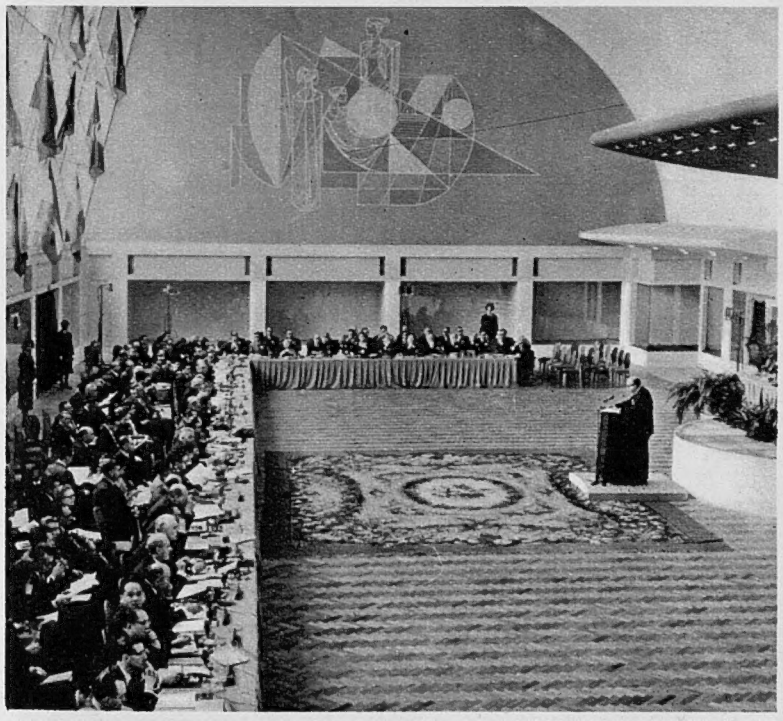
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE CONSECRATION OF THE NEW BASILICA AT LOURDES WHICH IS MAINLY UNDERGROUND: Photographers crowd round the altar of the vast church during the consecration service performed by Cardinal Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice. It is dedicated to St. Pius X, who canonised St. Bernadette, the shepherdess who, as a result of her visions 100 years ago, found the springs of healing water. The church, with a low concrete roof, takes the shape of a fish, a symbol used by the early Christians in the days of their persecution. Its structure covers nearly 17,000 square yards, and it is one of the largest churches in France, if not the largest. Inside the church are fifty-eight V-shaped pillars, surrounding a vast open space. There are no seats or ecclesiastical decorations. Last week's consecration service was attended by 20,000 pilgrims.

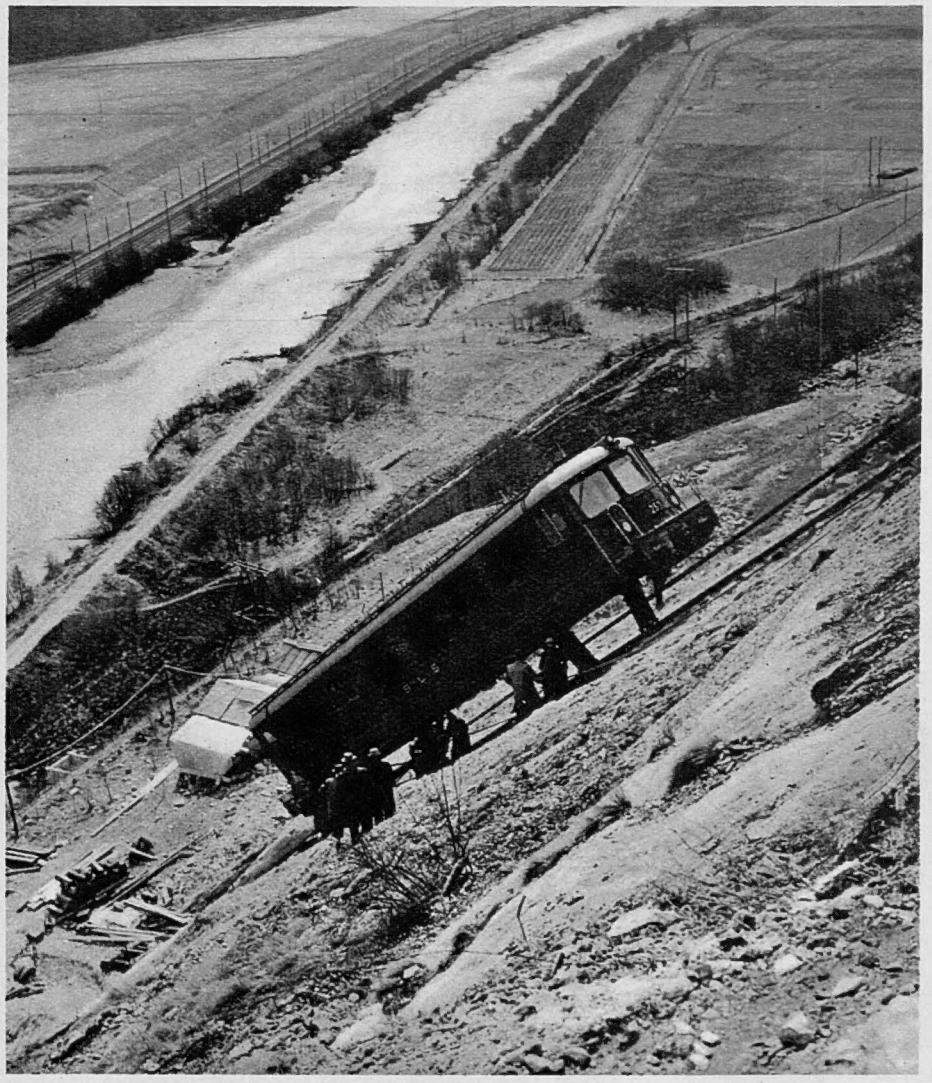


LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROOF OF THE NEW CHURCH AT LOURDES: Eventually it will be covered by a lawn. In the background of the picture is the Church of the Rosary. In this centenary year of St. Bernadette's vision, pilgrims to Lourdes may number as many as 8,000,000.

THE INDUCTION OF A NEW ARCH ABBOT IN HUNGARY: Dr. Norbert Leganyi (right) is seen during his induction by the Bishop of Gyor as the Arch Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey at Pannonhalma, in west Hungary. He succeeds as superior of the Benedictine Order in Hungary in the place of Arch Abbot Pal Sarkozi, who died a year ago. The Abbey of Pannonhalma was founded by the father of St. Stephen, the great eleventh-century king of Hungary.

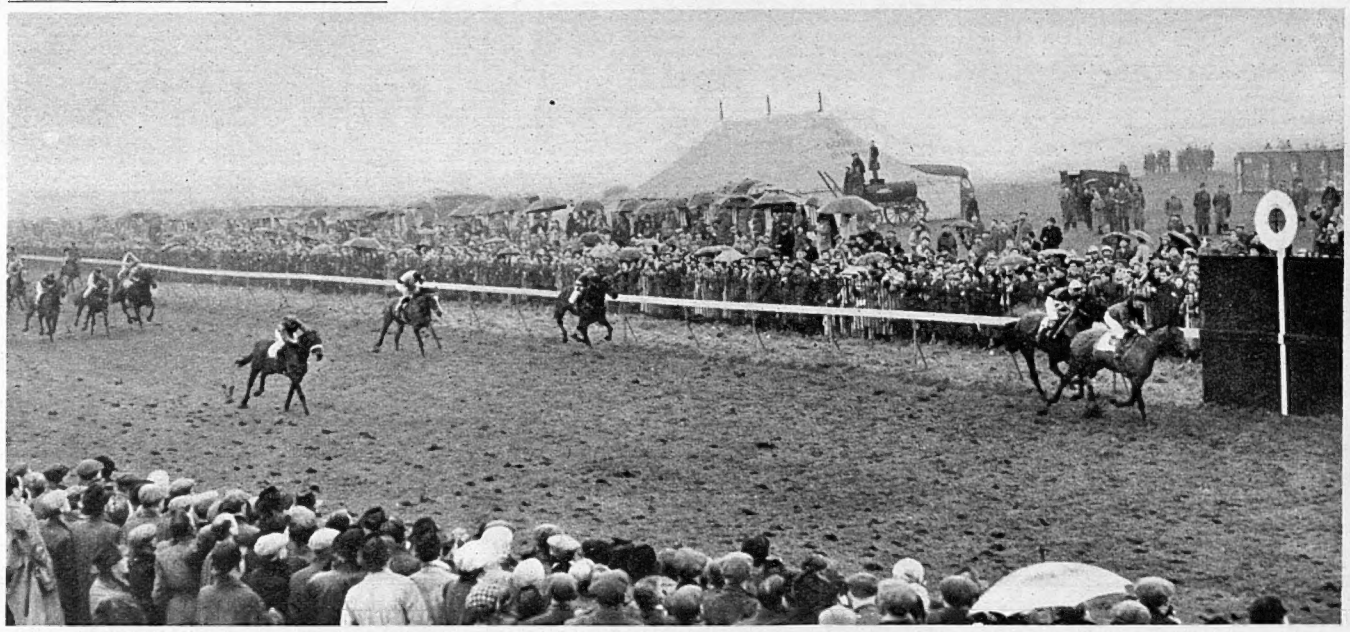


A CONFERENCE OF EXHIBITORS AT THE FORTHCOMING BRUSSELS UNIVERSAL AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: Baron Moens de Fernig, Commissaire-General of the Belgian Government, addresses a conference in the capital of representatives of each country taking part in the exhibition. This great Brussels exhibition is due to be opened by King Baudouin of the Belgians on April 17.

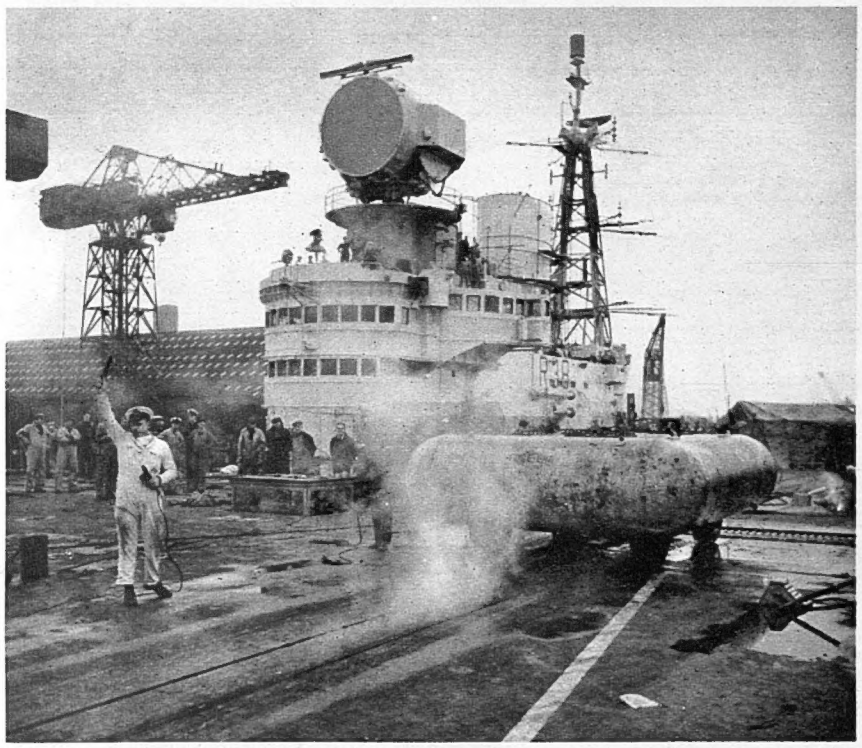


A BOULDER DERAILS THE ENGINE OF A SWISS TRAIN: Engineers are engaged in hauling a 36-ton electric engine to the railway tracks at the top of the southern slopes of the Loetschberg, near Brig, in Switzerland. The locomotive had fallen down the slopes after being derailed in the dark when a boulder in the banks above the railway line became dislodged and fell on to the tracks. It took several hours to complete the operation.

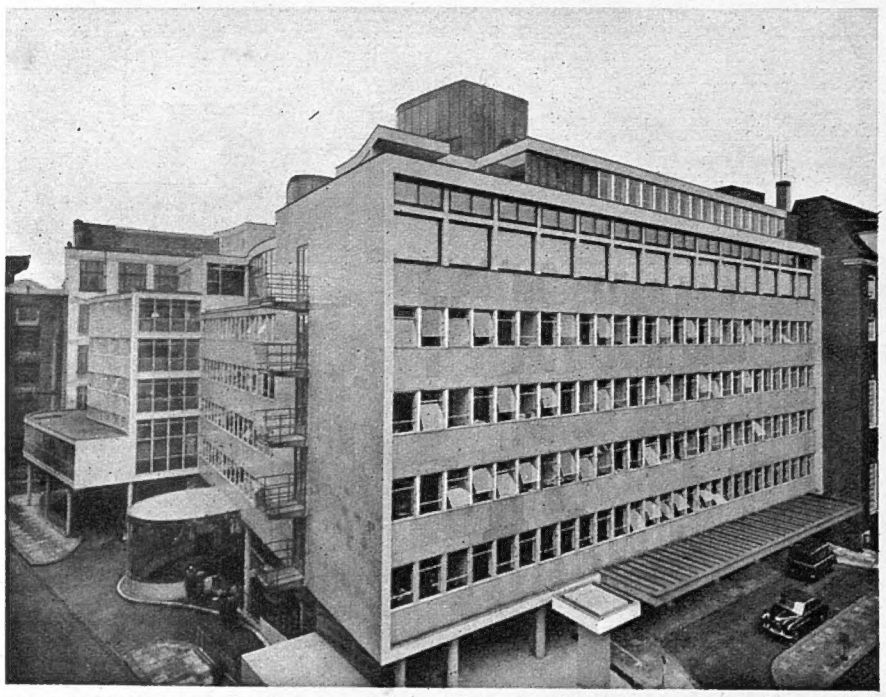
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



BABUR WINS THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP FOR THE SECOND SUCCESSIVE YEAR: ***Left*****—Captain S. Riley Lord's Babur, ridden by E. Britt and carrying top weight of 9 stone, is seen coming up to the winning post ahead of thirty-six opponents.** ***Right*****—A close-up view of Babur passing the post a length-and-a-half in front of Who You, ridden by C. Holman, an eighteen-year-old apprentice. It was Britt's first success in the Lincolnshire, Babur being ridden by E. Hide when he won last year. Only once before since the Lincolnshire was first run in 1853 has a horse won the race twice in successive years. This was Ob, successful in 1906 and 1907.**



STEAM CATAPULTS TESTED AT PORTSMOUTH : ***On left*****—A buoyant tank on rubber wheels is about to be shot from the port catapult on the flight-deck of H.M.S.** ***Victorious*** **in Portsmouth Harbour. It will be thrown some 200 yards ahead of the carrier and recovered by an Admiralty tug for further launchings.** ***On right*****—One of the buoyant tanks is shot from the steam catapult over the bows of H.M.S.** ***Victorious*** **to plunge into the sea.** In these "dead load trials" to check the operation of the two steam catapults at various weights and end speeds, there will be about 500 launchings of the tanks. The trials will also measure the effects of the catapults on the ship's steam system. The tanks are the same weight as the Scimitar, the Navy's latest interceptor aircraft, with which the *Victorious* will be equipped later this year. (Pictures of the Scimitar are on page 21.)



THE NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS IN LONDON: A general view of the building known as Congress House, in Great Russell Street, W.C. which was officially opened last week by Mr. Tom Yates, chairman of the T.U.C. General Council. It has cost more than £1,000,000. *On right*—Trumpeters sound a fanfare as the massive sculpture by Sir Jacob Epstein is unveiled in the central courtyard of the building. It stands in front of an 80-ft.-high triangle of green marble and forms part of the memorial which commemorates trade unionists who lost their lives in the two world wars. The sculpture represents a woman holding a dead child.

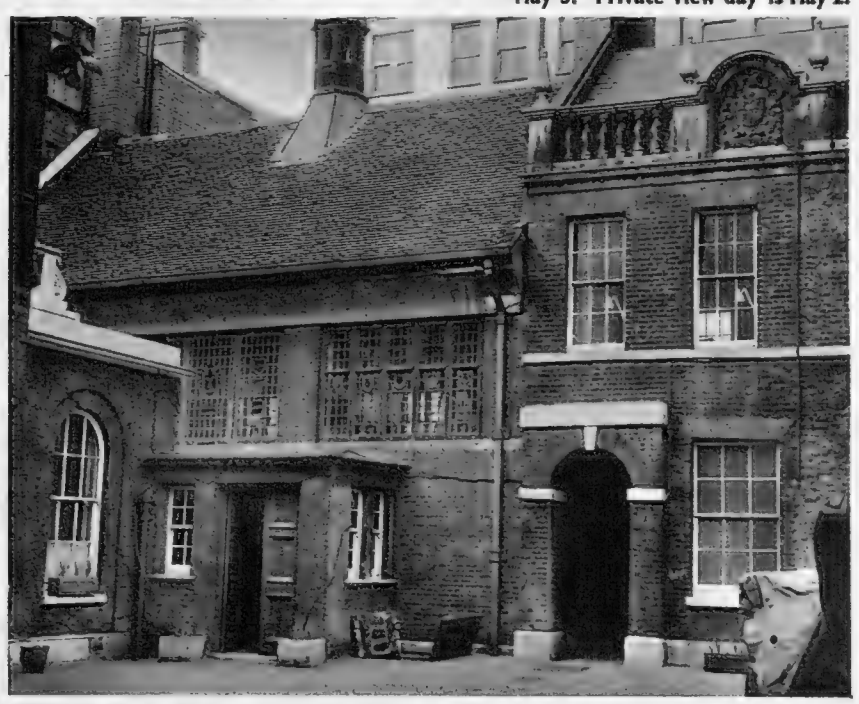
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. DUNCAN SANDYS IN WEST GERMANY: The British Minister of Defence (left) sits in Bonn with Herr Strauss, his opposite number in the Federal German Government. He was starting two days of talks with the Federal Defence Authorities. One of the important topics on the agenda was German arms contracts for Britain. Hitherto it has been generally felt that America has had a far larger share of West German arms contracts. At the end of the talks, it was stated that a renewed effort would be made to broaden Anglo-German co-operation on military research, development and production. At a Press Conference, Mr. Sandys was possibly deliberately vague on how this was to be done. He said no new arms contracts for Britain had been arranged. Various other subjects had been discussed between the two Ministers, but as Mr. Sandys pointed out, Western policy on disarmament and disengagement was a question for the Atlantic Council as a whole, as was also the matter of support costs.

EVACUEES FROM SUMATRA: Passengers, mainly women and children, disembark from the Dutch liner *Oranje* at Singapore. They had come from Medan, in Northern Sumatra. Of the 820 on board only eight were British. The majority of the remainder were either American or Dutch. Their evacuation had been carried out because of the fierce fighting there between the Indonesian Government forces and the rebels. According to reports last week Medan was still being repeatedly subjected to bombing by Government aircraft.

On left—
SELECTING PICTURES FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY: Members of the Selection Committee for this year's Royal Academy vote on a painting being held up before them at Burlington House, in London. Sitting from left to right are: Louis de Soissons, R.A.; Robert Austin, R.A.; James Bateman, R.A.; Sir Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy; Robert Buhler, R.A.; Eric Kennington, A.R.A.; Siegfried Charoux, R.A.; Christopher Sanders, A.R.A.; B. Fleetwood-Walker, R.A.; John Skeaping, A.R.A.; and A. R. Middleton Todd, R.A. The Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens on May 3. Private View day is May 2.

NEW HOMES FOR OLD—AN IMAGINATIVE HOUSING PROJECT IN SOUTH-WEST LONDON: The contrast in ancient and modern buildings needs no emphasis. It is to be seen in Cedarne Road, Fulham. The Borough Council has bought twenty-four houses on one side of the road. They were built ninety years ago. Under a municipal project the disused Victorian dwellings are being converted and modernised to provide forty-eight flats or flatlets for old people. Last week Mr. Henry Brooke, the Minister of Housing, opened a demonstration section of the scheme, which can be inspected by the public until April 12. In each apartment the rooms are spacious. Rents range from 16s. 9d. per week for a bed-sitting-room to 41s. 3d. for three bedrooms.



A FAMOUS SCHOOL IN THE CITY OF LONDON IS TO CLOSE: A corner of the courtyard of Mercers' School, in Holborn. It has recently been announced that the school is to be closed at the end of summer term next year because the Ministry of Education is unable to put it on the list of direct grant grammar schools. One of the reasons for this action is understood to be that the buildings are not up to modern standards. Mercers', the oldest school in the City of London, was founded in 1542 by the Mercers' Company and was situated at various times in Cheapside, Old Jewry and College Hill until it was transferred in 1894 to its present site, where Barnard's Inn once stood, on the south side of Holborn between Holborn Circus and Chancery Lane.

b

World Affairs

THE MIDDLE EAST IMBROGLIO:

With Britain's Loss of Authority Sombre New Factors are Emerging in the Middle East

By JOHN CONNELL

ON a mild, blowy day last month I stood on the shore at Eilat, Israel's port on the Gulf of Akaba. The water was clipped into foam, and the wind still had a winter tang to it. At this, the head of the gulf, the frontiers of four countries nudge one another uneasily in an arc that spreads over a few kilometres. To the south-east is Saudi-Arabia; up a deep cleft in the stark line of mountains all along this shore there marches the ancient pilgrim road to Mecca. Where the Wadi Araba meets the sea is the Jordanian town of Akaba, white and rambling, with its British-built military installations which our forces evacuated five months ago. Some palm groves and a thin belt of scrub and brackish marsh separate Jordan from Israel. Eilat is all bustle and exuberant optimism; two sturdy frigates and some smaller naval craft guard the wharves and the ever-growing town; there is a service of five aircraft a day in each direction between it and Lydda; the road from Beersheba is open and there is a steady stream of traffic down it from the north. And round a headland to the south-west is Egypt.

In this concave strip of barren, sunbaked earth between the mountains and the sea, in a setting of harsh and majestic and quite pitiless beauty, are concentrated (if you care to look for them) nearly all the major contentious issues in the Middle East: territorial ambitions and frustrations, hatreds and jealousies, rivalries about oil and mineral deposits, conflicts about access to the open seas and world markets.

PRESIDENT NASSER WITH SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE FIRST UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC CABINET. They are seen in Damascus after their swearing-in a month ago. Front row, from the left, are Khalil Kallas, Minister of Commerce and Economy for the Syrian Region ; Akram Hourani, a Syrian Vice-President of the United Arab Republic (U.A.R.) ; Abdul Latif Boghadi, an Egyptian Vice-President ; President Nasser ; Marshal Hakim Amer, an Egyptian Vice-President and Minister of War of the U.A.R. ; Sabri Assali, a Syrian Vice-President ; Fakher Kayali, Minister of Finance for the Syrian Region ; Abdel Hawmad, Minister of Justice, and Salah Bitar, Syrian Minister of State for Arab Affairs. In the next row from left are: Shawkat Kanawaty, Health Minister ; Nur el-din Kahhali, Minister of Public Works, Syria ; Hassan Jabbara, Minister of Planning, Syria ; Brigadier Amin Nufouri, Minister of Communications, Syria ; Lieut.-Colonel Hamid Sarraj, Minister of Interior, Syria ; and Ahmid Younis, Minister of Agriculture, Syria. Most of the U.A.R. Ministries are duplicated with Syrian and Egyptian Ministers.

HITLERIAN IN HIS AMBITIONS : President Nasser speaks in Cairo at the proclamation of the U.A.R. Within his own framework Nasser's ambitions are Hitlerian.

Everyone makes mistakes—of analysis, judgment or prediction—about the Middle East. The worst mistake of all is to be dogmatic. Of all the words that Ronald Storrs ever wrote or spoke these are the truest and the most memorable: "The East is a University in which the scholar never takes his degree." Many of our afflictions and humiliations in the Middle East in the past twelve years—and the tale of them, whether military or diplomatic or psychological, is not yet accomplished—have come upon us because we have been cocksure and complacent.

At the end of the Second World War Britain possessed a moral and material authority and influence in the Middle East which seemed to be as unshakable as massive. To-day every shred of that authority has been abrogated and our influence has never, in modern times, counted for less. Future historians will have to search deeply and at length for the true causes of a reversal so swift and so calamitous. At present far too few people in Britain even begin to comprehend that it has happened, let alone how and why. From time to time the Foreign Office suddenly makes a ritual gesture, habitual in the days of earned and sustained authority, and is pained and puzzled when the gesture is curtly rebuffed by some Middle Eastern politician who has made a shrewd, realistic assessment of its true worth.

It is admittedly not easy to become accustomed to being powerless. But even a brief acquaintance with the real, day-to-day facts of life in the Middle East at present teaches a lesson or two. What the British Government says or does about or in the Middle East is no longer of any particular importance. As we gave up our responsibilities, so we have lost our rights. Our withdrawal from our former position—difficult, dangerous and complicated as it was, and with little or no glory or grandeur about it—was performed in a haphazard and largely piecemeal fashion, under a series of different pressures, between 1946 and 1954.

It is now almost complete—if, for the moment, you except Aden and the Trucial Sheikhdoms—and other forces count in the Middle East to-day. There is a continuing crisis, but it is no longer the crisis of the challenge to British imperialism. It is doubtful whether, in its current phase, it is even the crisis of Arab hostility to the State of Israel. There are sombre new factors emerging. The new Arab groupings, in all their fluidity and complexity, are expressions of what is happening; but they are symptoms, not causes.

Twenty years ago the late George Antonius, a Christian Arab who had been in the service of the British Mandatory Administration in Palestine, wrote a book called *The Arab Awakening*. The title had as much an element of prophecy in it as of historical fact. The full course of that long process of awakening is yet to be run. It has been—and in the future is likely to be—far from smooth or painless. The fever of nationalism came belatedly to the peoples of the Middle East but with as great a virulence as it had beset Europe; and the Arabs have had even less skill and persistence than the peoples of Europe in working out in practical, political form their nationalist emotions and ambitions. They have sought to take short cuts, to hasten the whole process. And they have persuaded themselves that if they have uttered a phrase or a slogan—like "Deemockrassie" or "The Unity of the Noble Arab Nation"—loudly and long enough, and made enough of a propagandist song-and-dance about it, they have, in fact as well as in rhetoric, brought about democracy and unity. They even believed that if they proclaimed, in fervent enough tones, their own faith in their invincible might, they could win—and indeed had won—a war.

In the 1948 conflict with the new-born State of Israel immediately after the British Government terminated the Mandate for Palestine, this belief took a hammering, the result of which was, throughout the community of political conscious Arabs as a whole, a collective nervous breakdown, all of whose effects have by no means been worked out yet. In the course of that breakdown regimes collapsed and revolutions were engendered, notably in Syria and in Egypt. In both these countries the revolutions sprang from, and were carried out by, the middle classes, and they were expressions of middle-class frustrations, fears, hates and lusts. They therefore much more closely resembled the Nazi than the Russian Revolution, and the regimes which they established have followed the same pattern. There are fundamental facts too little understood in the West, especially in Britain and the United States.

The Arabs' illusion that the shouted word is the accomplished deed received, over many years, dangerous and pitiful encouragement from British policy and action in the Middle East. Every withdrawal which we made, the Arabs believed, was performed because they huffed and puffed and blew our house down, and not because we ourselves had abandoned it out of weariness and a sense of guilt.

ISOLATED BUT CONFIDENT : Mr. Ben-Gurion (left), the Prime Minister of Israel, is in typical pose as he talks in Jerusalem. The mood of his country is relaxed, confident and self-contained after ten years of existence—a hopeful and creative factor in the Middle East.

A KEY FIGURE IN SAUDI ARABIA: The Crown Prince, Emir Faisal, brother of King Saud, is seen here with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles during his visit to Washington last September. He has recently increased his powers and influence in Saudi Arabia politic

LEADERS OF THE RIVAL UNION TO NASSER'S : King Feisal, of Iraq (left), and King Hussein, of Jordan, walk across the airport at Amman, the capital of Jordan. The picture was taken shortly before the announcement of the Federation of the Hashemite Kingdoms.

SOVIET MILITARY AID TO EGYPT : Russian-built bombers and fighters flew above Soviet-manufactured armoured vehicles during the military parade in Cairo to mark the fifth anniversary of the Egyptian Republic in July of last year. According to Egyptian spokesmen, this display was intended to prove that Nasser's forces had not been destroyed by Israel in the Sinai campaign of autumn 1956.

A REMINDER OF THE UNCEASING TENSION IN THE MIDDLE EAST : An armed guard keeps watch above the copper mines to the north of the Israeli port of Eilat, on the Gulf of Akaba. Across the gulf is Akaba, in Jordan, to the south-east of Eilat is Saudi Arabia and round a headland to the south-west is Egypt. In this area are concentrated nearly all the major Middle East conflicts.

SPOKESMAN FOR THE OMAN REBELS: The bearded Mohamed el Harithy, representative of the dissident Imam of Oman, is seen giving a Press Conference in Cairo last summer. The rebellion of the Oman tribesmen was put down by the forces of the Sultan of Oman with the help of Royal Air Force fighters.

Their neurosis fixed for many years on two targets: "Zionism" and "Imperialism." Whatever else the confused and melancholy events of October-November 1956 did or did not accomplish, they let great gusts of fresh air in upon these stuffy, obsessive and fanatical hatreds. "Imperialism," for reasons which had nothing whatever to do with President Nasser's military skill, and not as much as might be thought to do with his political and diplomatic adroitness, was routed. And Israel in Sinai inflicted a sharp, salutary and (for the time being) absolute military defeat on Egypt.

There are no easy or comforting precedents for the Middle Eastern situation as it is to-day. It is novel, formidable and fluid. Nasser's ambitions within his own framework are Hitlerian. The Russians, who in all the earlier phases of Britain's withdrawal maintained a surly and inimical aloofness, are now fully embroiled in the Middle East; for all that they have gained they have had to do astonishingly little; our folly and our shortsightedness have handed them trick after trick; and, for their own purposes, they are getting along as jovially with Nasser as, for their own purposes, they once got along with Hitler. It is not to their interest to precipitate a war in the Middle East; it is to their interest to make it, by every means short of war, as disagreeable and as profitless as possible to the Western Powers to maintain their connections there. The Eisenhower Doctrine, to all intents and purposes, has vanished from sight. The continued existence of the Baghdad Pact is as imperilled as futile.

The spectacular new factors in the situation are the rival Arab unions. Nasser, having swallowed Syria and the Yemen, is confronted with the more complex problem of Saudi Arabia. Here the fraternal—or should I say fratricidal?—rivalry between King Saud and his brother, the Emir Faisal, has brought about a subtly dubious situation. Saud may sulk in his tents, Faisal may wish to bring his country in under the Nasser umbrella. But both, in my view, have served the Arab cause ill, by reason of their selfishness and lack of vision. The union of the Hashemite kingdoms on the other hand has the despairing boldness of the final throw. It is in the complex interplay of these rival unions—hagridden as they both are by inner jealousies, tensions and grim ambitions—that in all probability the next major moves will occur in the Middle East. Behind that interplay lies the hint, murmured but sinister and persistent, that the Soviet Union, in its own time, will give full and dramatic backing to the whole Arab case against Israel.

Israel, like her own port of Eilat, can seem small, isolated and in the utmost jeopardy, surrounded by this great massing of enmity. But Israel, too, has learned from the experience of recent years. Her mood is relaxed and confident and self-contained as she prepares to have a year-long beano celebrating the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the State. A miracle, it was said, brought Israel into being. But a miracle sustained and consolidated over a decade takes on a different meaning. It is this which is the most important, the most hopeful and creative factor in the Middle Eastern situation.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS

A Pictorial Record of the Three-day State Visit of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh

ROYAL WELCOME AT AMSTERDAM: Queen Juliana of the Netherlands accompanies Queen Elizabeth along the line of dignitaries during the ceremony at the quayside. They are followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrix. Owing to illness Prince Bernhard was unable to be present. The Queen and the Duke had arrived in the Royal yacht *Britannia*.

THE TWO REIGNING QUEENS OF EUROPE DRIVE THROUGH THE STREETS OF AMSTERDAM Princess Irene accompanies the two Queens in the carriage as they drive from the quayside to the Royal Palace on the Dam. They were followed in another carriage by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrix. Earlier in the day the Princess who is the heiress to the Dutch Throne, had gone out to the *Britannia* to welcome the visitors and to accompany them in the Royal barge to the quayside. Great crowds thronged the area round the quayside and the processional route in Amsterdam. Soon after their arrival at the Palace the two Queens with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Dutch Princesses went out on to the balcony to wave to the crowd gathered below

MEMBERS OF THE TWO ROYAL FAMILIES IN THE PALACE AT AMSTERDAM : On the left of the group is Princess Beatrix, and on the right, standing next to Prince Bernhard, is Princess Irene. The picture was taken on the evening of the first day of the State Visit when the members of the two families attended the State dinner and visited the Concertgebouw. During her stay the Queen conferred the Order of the Garter on Queen Juliana, the G.C.B. on Prince Bernhard and the G.C.V.O. on Princess Beatrix

STATE BANQUET AT THE HAGUE : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, are the guests of the Dutch Government at dinner in the Treveszaal in The Hague. Sitting between the Queen and Prince Bernhard is the Prime Minister, Dr. Drees. Queen Elizabeth is wearing the sash of the Grand Cross of the Netherlands Lion. Later in the evening the Royal party attended a reception in the Hall of Knights, which is used for State openings of the Dutch Parliament.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE SCENE IN AMSTERDAM ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE VISIT : *Above*—A general view of the procession from the quayside to the Royal Palace. *On right*—The Queen and the Duke walk across Dam Square to lay their wreath at the National Memorial which commemorates 210,000 Dutch people who lost their lives during the war. The route was lined by members of the Students' Volunteer Corps of the Universities of Amsterdam, Leiden and Utrecht.

Above—
THE NETHERLANDS GOVERNMENT ENTERTAINS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : Queen Elizabeth and Queen Juliana, followed by the Duke and Prince Bernhard, enter the Knights Hall, in The Hague, for the reception given by the Government. At luncheon on the second day of the visit, the Queen and the Duke met Princess Wilhelmina (the former Queen and mother of Queen Juliana), who abdicated ten years ago.

Below—
A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE IN HONOUR OF THE STATE VISIT : Members of the Royal party are seen in their box when they attended the concert given by the Concertgebouw Orchestra under its conductor, Eduard van Beinum. For the occasion, they played Johan Wagenaar's Cyrano de Bergerac Overture and Elgar's Enigma Variations. During the evening the Queen met the conductor and leading members and officials of the orchestra.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS

LOOKING DOWN ON THE SPLENDID SCENE IN THE HALL OF KNIGHTS IN THE HAGUE: The two Queens, their husbands and the Dutch Princesses, move among some of the 700 guests at the reception given by the Dutch Government. The Hall is normally the scene for the State Opening of the Dutch Parliament. Towards the end of the line of principal guests is Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Britain's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who accompanied the Queen and the Duke to Holland as Minister in Attendance.

INFORMAL MOMENTS DURING THE STATE VISIT: *Left*—The Queen accepts a gift of flowers from Eduard van Beinum, the conductor of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, after the gala performance. *Centre*—Her Majesty is seen during her tour of the stands at the flower centre at Aalsmeer, ten miles south-west of the capital. Both she and Queen Juliana took part in a flower auction. *Right*—The two Queens at the State Banquet in The Hague. Queen Juliana's jewels include the Star of the Order of the Garter.

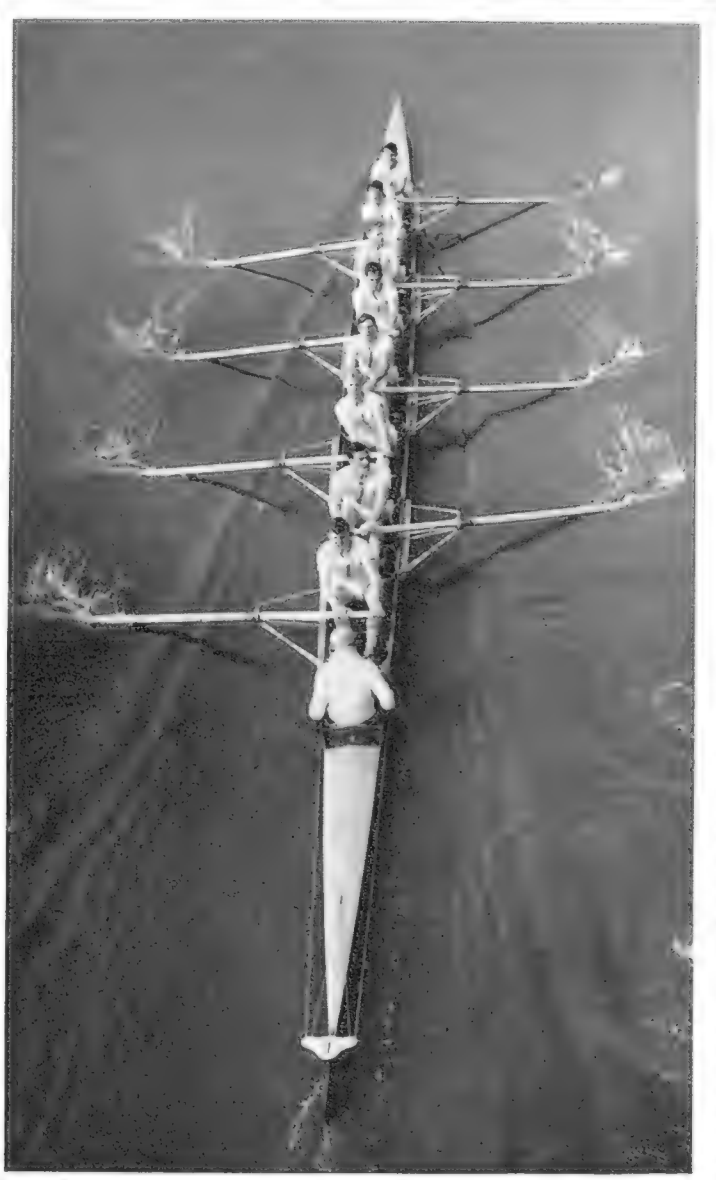
RESTORATION AT THE MOST IMPOSING MEGALITHIC MONUMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN: A workman supervises the lifting of one of the stones which form part of Stonehenge's fallen trilithons now being re-erected by the Ministry of Works. In addition to the trilithon, three stones in the outer circle which fell in 1900 are to be replaced. One of the main reasons for the work of re-erection is to preserve faint carvings on the stones from obliteration by the feet of sightseers. Recently, carvings of daggers and double-headed axes, similar to those of the Mycenæan civilisation, were detected on some of the upright trilithons. The carvings on the fallen stones appear to be some sort of representation of the human figure. The work is costing in the region of £8,500, and when completed the only addition to the building of the Second Millennium B.C. will be two steel rods and some concrete used to join the trilithon's broken lintel. Stonehenge, visited by over 200,000 people annually, is still visible while the re-erection is in progress but the working area is fenced off.

STONEHENGE RESTORATION

A Trilithon is being Re-Erected at the Prehistoric Stone Monument on Salisbury Plain

A DELICATE ENGINEERING OPERATION: *Left*—One of the stones is adjusted before being hoisted by a crane. The fallen trilithon's two uprights and broken lintel stone have lain untouched since the end of the eighteenth century, when excavators caused their downfall. *Right*—The 70-ton crane stands on a metal flooring laid to protect the surface of the area. While the work is going on, Professor S. Piggott and Mr. R. J. C. Atkinson, two archæologists, are leading an excavation and research party.

THE DARK BLUES ON A FULL-COURSE TRIAL BETWEEN PUTNEY AND MORTLAKE: The Oxford crew are G. Sorrell (St. Paul's and Christ Church ; bow) ; M. J. W. Hall (Winchester and Lincoln) ; J. H. Ducker (Monkton Combe and St. Edmund Hall) ; S. F. A. Miskin (St. Paul's and University) ; F. D. M. Badcock (Harrow and Christ Church) ; R. Rubin (Yale and Merton) ; J. L. Fage (Wrekin and St. Edmund Hall) ; D. C. Edwards (Downside and Christ Church ; stroke) ; J. G. Rowbotham (Winchester and Hertford ; cox).



CONTRAST IN STYLES : *Left*—Oxford hold their oars in just after the finish of a stroke. *Right*—The Cambridge blades are catching hold of the water at the beginning. Both pictures were taken from Hammersmith Bridge. The difference in the rigging of the two boats is apparent. The Light Blue eight is conventional. The Dark Blue has adopted the so-called American rig.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW FOR 1958 : A. T. Denby (Radley and Magdalene ; bow) ; J. R. Giles (Winchester and Emmanuel) ; J. A. Pitchford (Tonbridge and Christ's) ; P. D. Rickett (Eton and 1st and 3rd Trinity) ; R. G. Ritchie (Geelong G.S., Australia, and Corpus Christi) ; R. D. Carver (Eton and 1st and 3rd Trinity) ; D. C. Christie (Eton and Pembroke) ; M. B. Maltby (Bedford and Pembroke ; stroke) ; J. S. Sulley (Radley and Selwyn ; cox).

TRAINING FOR THE BOAT RACE

The Oxford and Cambridge Crews on the Tideway

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which is being rowed to-day (April 5) probably attracts more spectators than any other sporting event in the world. The banks along the course of over four miles are usually lined for the entire distance and at the vantage points the crowds are dense. Few of the hundreds of thousands watching would probably claim any expert knowledge of rowing. One of the great attractions is that the Boat Race remains, as it always has been, a strictly amateur event. No one concerned with it makes any money out of the contest. This year the Light Blues arrived on the Tideway as favourites. From their first outing their watermanship was impressive. But Oxford, in spite of appearing in their first days somewhat cumbersome, have come on recently with marked progress. And—again one of its great attractions—anything can happen in a Boat Race. Times taken over the course during practice can have little relevance on the day of the race owing to changes in weather, the luck of the toss and, most important, the skill of the coxes.

SAFETY TESTS FOR AIRCRAFT

Trials on the Airframe of a New U.S. Seaplane

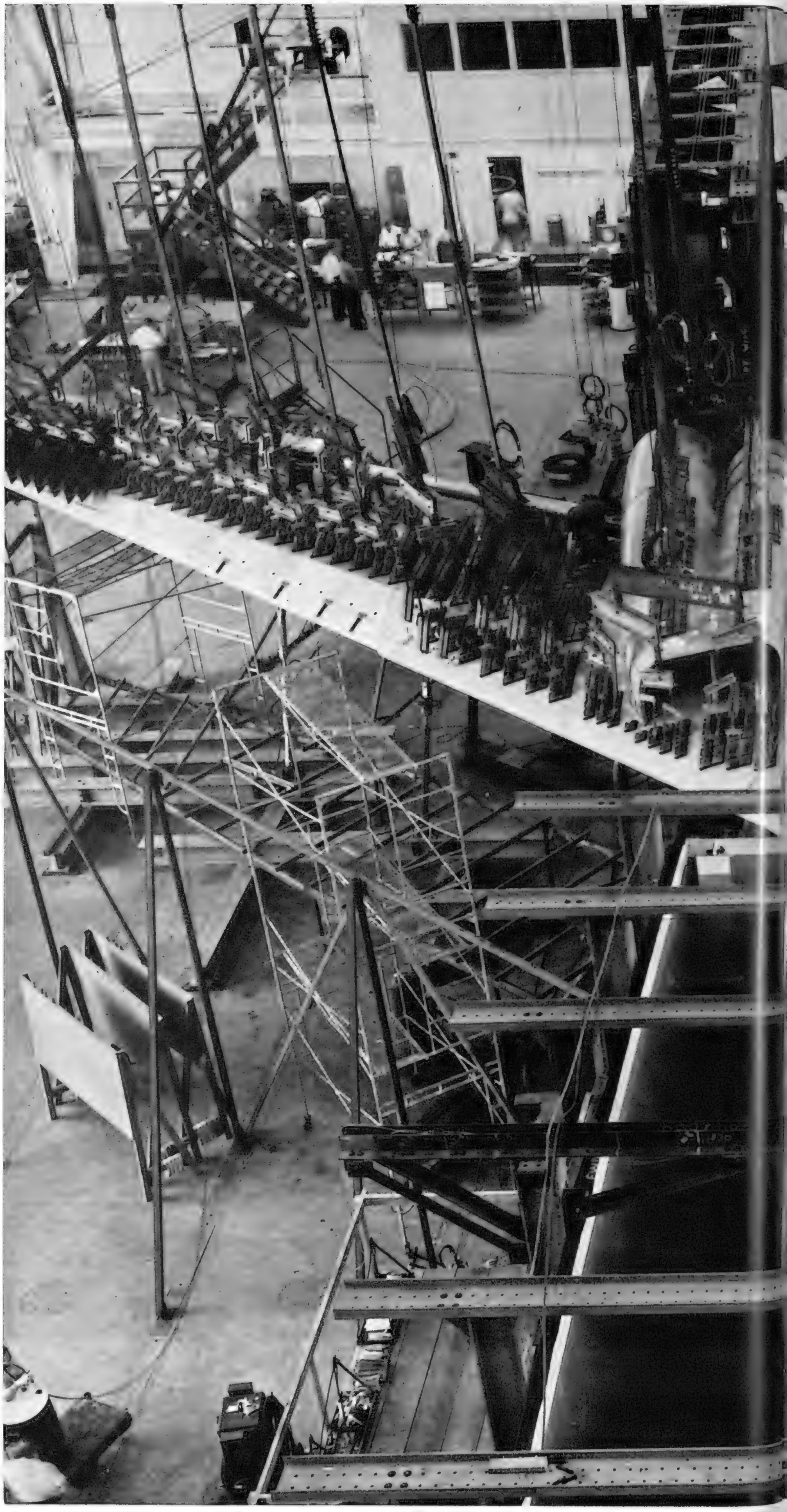
The system of testing at the works of the Martin Company at Baltimore shows the great care nowadays being taken by manufacturers to ensure that aircraft are safe before they are put into service. The Seamaster P6M is a four-jet swept-wing high-performance flying-boat of advanced design. Two prototypes of the XP6M-1 were lost in flying accidents. Now a number of pre-production aircraft, classified as YP6M-1, have been built. They are being subjected to structural as well as flight tests.

The picture across these pages shows one of the YP6M-1 flying-boats undergoing structural tests. On the wings is a complicated apparatus which consists of a series of vertical steel straps and what is described as a network of whiffletree-like linkages to rubber pads cemented to the wing surfaces. By means of this equipment hydraulic pressure is applied uniformly to the wings, which are, in effect, subjected to structural forces ranging from 300 tons to over 450 tons. Thus the strength and integrity of the airframe can be proved against the aerodynamic forces which are encountered in high-speed flight. The speed of the Seamaster is about 600 miles an hour, power being provided by four Allison J71 turbojets housed in twin sets of nacelles above the wings. Its normal cruising height will be over 40,000 ft.

Rigorous tests are not only carried out on the wings. As can be seen, the nose is also submerged in a large water tank, which subjects the airframe to tests for cabin pressurisation. The system of proving the structure of the flying-boats parallels the flight test programme which began in January of this year. The Martin Company also announces that it has started construction on eighteen of the production versions of these aircraft—the P6M-2. The function of the flying-boat will primarily be mine-laying and photographic reconnaissance. It will also be able to undertake other combat tasks and remain in the air for long periods of time.

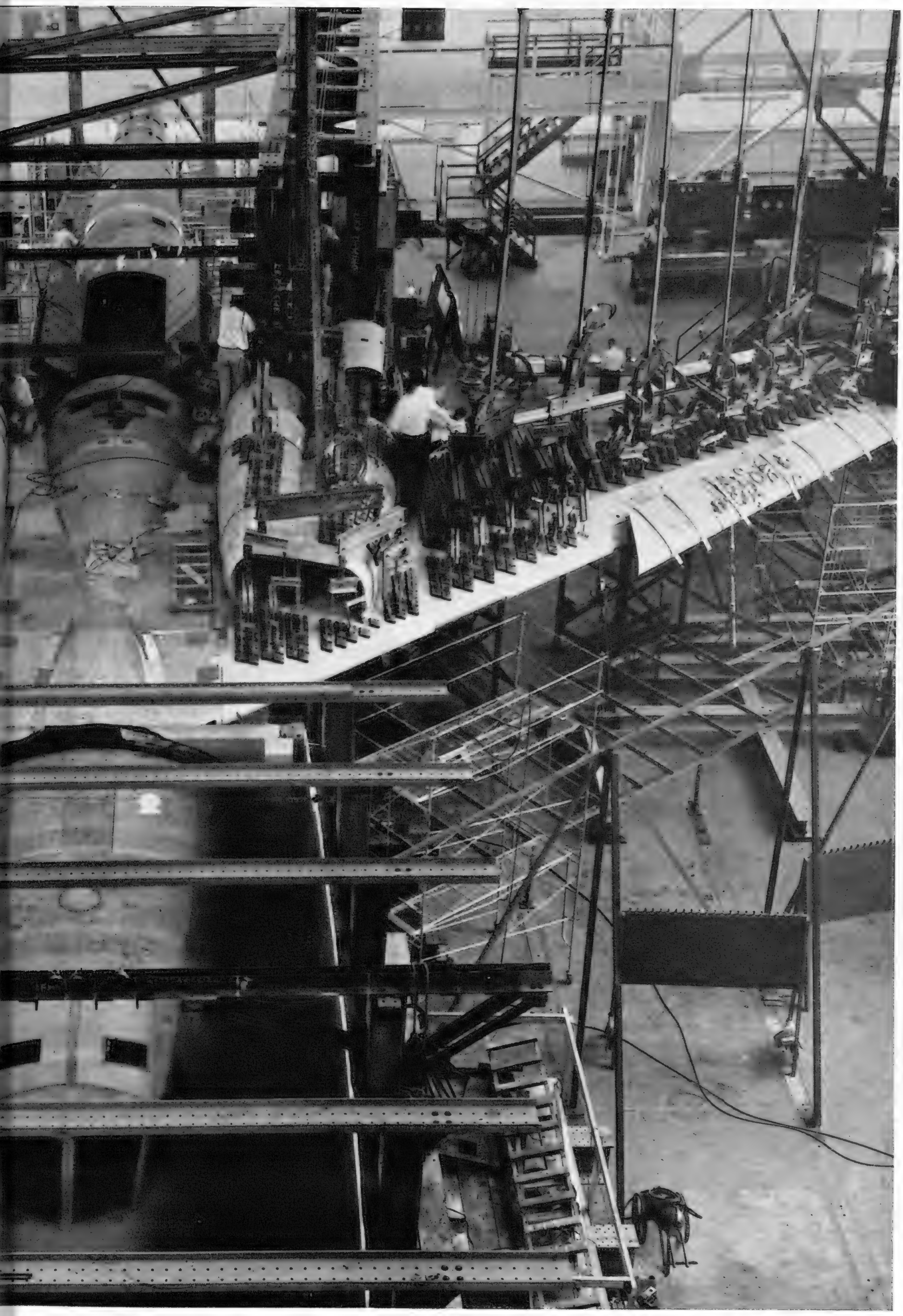
For some years Britain, too, has had a number of testing centres or laboratories for aircraft structure. The best known is probably the vast water-tank at Farnborough. There it was established that the cause of the disaster to the two Comets in 1954 was due to a failure in the cabin pressure. The Britannia was the first airliner to undergo tests in this water-tank before entering service. For proving an aircraft the tank and the fuselage are filled with water. Then more water is pumped into the fuselage. Thus, the pressure inside is greater than outside, as it would be when the airliner was flying at cruising height. Simultaneously the wings, protruding through the walls of the tank, are moved up and down to simulate the stresses and strains which would be encountered in flight.

By the methods of structural testing now being employed on both sides of the Atlantic, crews and passengers of aircraft are as certain as it is humanly possible to be of the maximum security.



On right—

SECURITY AGAINST THE FORCES OF NATURE : At the works of Martin Aircraft in Baltimore, in Maryland, U.S.A., a P6M under construction is put to the most severe safety tests. The nose is submerged in water to try out the cabin pressurisation and the wings are subjected to trials to prove the integrity of the airframe against the very heavy aerodynamic forces encountered in high-speed flight.



JAYS AND MAGPIES ON THE INCREASE

Although it is More Woodland in Habit Than Any Other Member of the Crow Family, the Jay now Frequents Gardens

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

CLOSE by my own garden, in a neighbouring garden, there is a magpie's nest : a huge, bulky structure with a roof. It was built during the war, at the time when magpies were deserting the countryside for the outskirts of the towns (because the great hedgerows which were their homes were being grubbed up as part of the war effort), and it has been occupied each spring ever since. Although I do not know whether the original builders are still the occupants, I do think that it can now be regarded as an ancestral home.

In recent years, due very largely to the decrease in the numbers of gamekeepers, there has been a marked increase in the numbers of magpies. It must be said that few people have any love for the magpie. I am one of the few. Its unpopularity is due, mainly, to the fact that it kills young birds and raids the nests of small birds to steal their eggs. And its harsh chattering voice makes no appeal to the ear. I cannot say that I am enamoured of its voice, and I know that it raids the nests of small birds in my garden, and I have no doubt that it kills some of the small birds hatched in my garden as well. But the magpie does a lot of good as well.

Its food, after all, is mainly made up of insects—most of which, I suppose, are harmful in a garden—and it also kills rats and mice, which certainly do not do a garden any good. I must say of these magpies that I have not yet seen one at my fruit nor at my peas. Nor have I noticed any falling-off in the numbers of small birds in the garden : I have just as many blackbirds, thrushes, finches, and so on as usual. Perhaps I have been fortunate, but even if the magpie were wholly villain, I would still welcome him in my garden for the magnificence of his appearance and that beautiful tail. But I do wish that he had a more tuneful voice.

Another member of the crow family which has increased greatly in numbers in recent years is the jay, freed from the attentions of an army of gamekeepers. The jay is another very unpopular bird, and for precisely the same reasons as the magpie. It, too, is an egg-thief and a killer of small birds, but (more important from the gardener's point of view) it has a much more highly-developed taste for fruit and vegetables. At least, the jays round here have.

Jays have only recently (within the past three years) started to frequent the garden. Before that I saw one only rarely, perhaps once in two years or so : at any rate, rarely enough to warrant an entry in my diary. Now, they may be described as regular visitors to the garden from the beginning of April onwards through the summer. And this is strange, because the woods hereabouts have always supported a population of jays, even in the heyday of the gamekeeper. I can only suppose that there has been so great an increase in the woods that the surplus has been driven into the gardens.

In gardens, the jay is, I think, rather out of its element. It is more woodland in habit than any other member of the crow family. It is at home in woodland ; rather at sea in gardens, though you might not think so when you watch one at work on your peas.

It seems to me that trees all around are absolutely essential for the comfort of the jay. When there are trees all around he is at ease and master of himself, and his flight is smooth and swift and graceful. It is this which makes him so very difficult to observe. Of all the birds I know, I think the jay (and I have been on nodding terms with jays for a good many years) is, for its size, the most difficult to observe. At any rate, I have never seen any of the really interesting things—the " ceremonial assemblies," and so forth—which you find mentioned in the bird books. Believe me, this is not for want of trying.

Have you ever noticed that you usually see a jay flying away from you ? There is a loud, harsh cry and a flash of black and white—and that was a jay. The bird slips so easily between the trees, and is so very skilful at putting a tree-trunk between you and him, that there is never more than a momentary glimpse. What you see when the bird is flying away from you is the sharp contrast of white rump and black tail. It is conspicuous enough (for the moment) but there is nothing very beautiful about it. But, seen close at hand and settled (and in woodland how rarely that is !), the jay with his mottled crest feathers, the black moustache above the white throat, the bright blue hackle in the black-and-white-tipped wing, all contrasted with the over-all plumage of mauve-brown above and fawn below, is one of the most beautiful of British birds. And this is why I like them in the garden. There, you really can see them.

At once, you notice how out of place they are. It is as though they were exploring, adapting themselves, to a new element. Sometimes, if you are lucky, you may watch a jay moving about the branches of a tree in woodland. In a garden there is little difficulty in watching one in a fruit tree. One would have thought that by now jays would be thoroughly accustomed to trees, able to move about among the branches as easily and lightly as they are able to fly between them. But not so. A jay in a tree is almost unbelievably clumsy. He moves about among the branches in a series of heavy hops, jerking his tail up and down and from side to side ; always looking as though he was just about to fall off.

On the ground—and he spends a good deal of time on the ground in gardens—his clumsiness is even more noticeable. Unlike the magpie, which walks, the jay hops. He hops jauntily enough, it is true : but, oh, so unsurely. And the hops are sideways rather than forwards. I have often wondered if the term " jay-walker " were invented by an ornithologist.

Even the flight in gardens is different. The smooth efficiency of the woodland has altogether disappeared. You put up a jay in the peas and you cannot but notice how laboured is the movement, the wings flapping up and down quickly and rather jerkily. But the flight is fast enough, for all that, and, once the bird has got going, it is not altogether unlike that of the green woodpecker, alternately floating and dropping, but without the same smoothness.

But there is yet another, and more remarkable, change in the jay which has taken to frequenting gardens. You have but to enter a wood for the nearest jay to let out a raucous warning. That loud, harsh cry, the excessive wariness of the bird, was a great asset to the intelligent gamekeeper, for he knew that the call was a warning to everyone around that there was something strange in the wood. The jay in woodland is very prompt to notice anything strange in his domain, and not unhuman in his outraged reaction.

His behaviour in gardens—at any rate, in my garden—is quite different. There is no outraged squawk the moment I or anybody else appears. If evasive action has to be taken, it is taken as silently as possible. And this, too, it seems to me, is a very human reaction. It is almost as if the bird knows that he is trespassing and hopes to be overlooked if he does not make a noise. I have, on occasion, behaved in just the same way.

I do not know where these garden jays nest. They have not yet nested in my garden, and they do not appear to do so in those bordering upon my own. Perhaps they come into the gardens daily from the woods around, but I do not think so. Their behaviour is so different from that of the casual raiders we have had in the past. Of course, a jay's nest, though quite bulky, is not as easily seen as a magpie's : and I suspect that these birds may nest quite low to the ground in some of the denser shrubberies. But I do not know.

What do I do about the jays in the garden ? Nothing. I do not even net my raspberries. I suppose that a really enthusiastic gardener would net everything possible, put up scarecrows and " glitter-bugs," and blaze away with a shotgun whenever opportunity offered. I hate seeing birds trapped in nets ; I think that they soon become used to scarecrows ; and this is not the sort of neighbourhood in which one can blaze away with a shotgun. In any case, the older I get, the less inclined I am to kill anything. I lose some fruit, I lose some vegetables, to jays and bullfinches, and particularly to blackbirds, every year. But there is always enough left. In any case, it is a small price to pay for so much beauty and interest.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF BRITISH BIRDS : This is the description of the jay given by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. In this picture by Eric Hosking the bird is seen at the nest with the young settling down after the conclusion of the meal. The close-up of the jay (*on left*) was taken by the late Dr. M. S. Wood.

A New Aircraft for the Navy

A Fleet Air Arm Squadron Carries Out Tests on the Scimitar

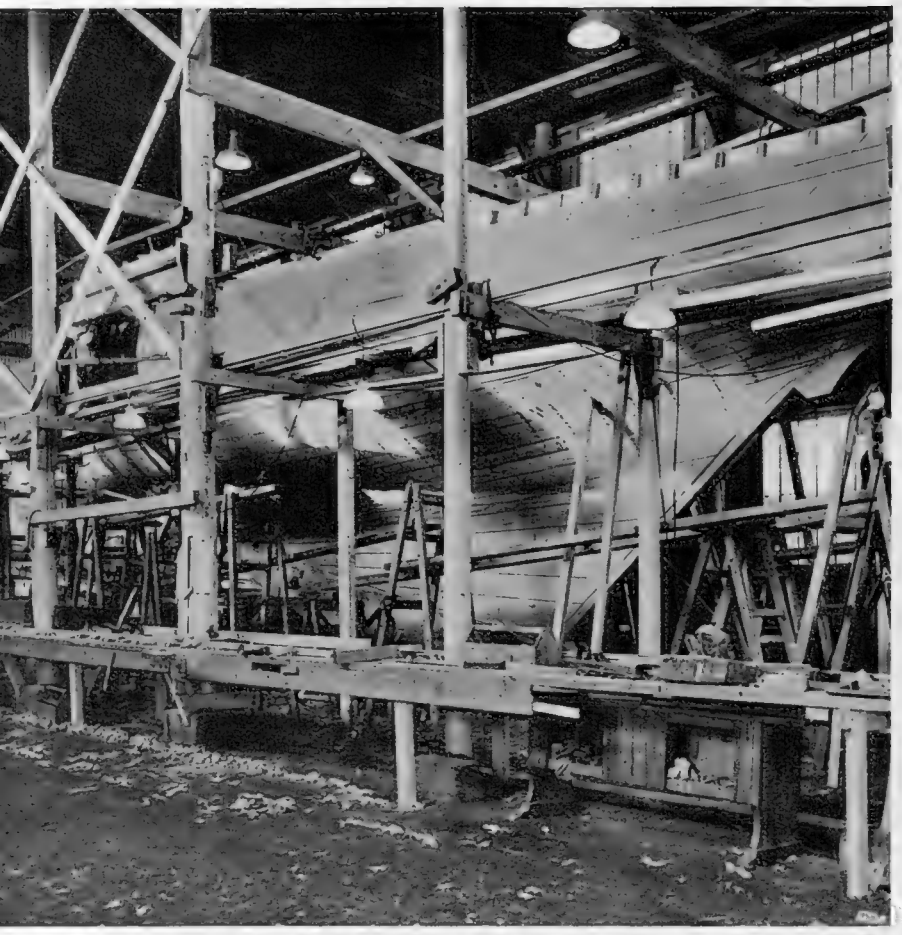
MUFFLERS TO REDUCE NOISE: A Curran "detuner," fitted to the twin exhausts of the Vickers Supermarine Scimitar, reduces the noise of the jets during tests. The problem of noise will be combated in various ways, including ear-muffs for the crews and various jet deflection devices, but is likely to remain serious. The Scimitar is to go into service with the Fleet Air Arm next June. It is the Navy's first swept-wing aircraft and is reported to be capable of going through the speed of sound in a shallow dive. Two Rolls-Royce Avon 200 Series turbojets provide the power and four Aden guns the main armament. Various nuclear weapons can also be carried.

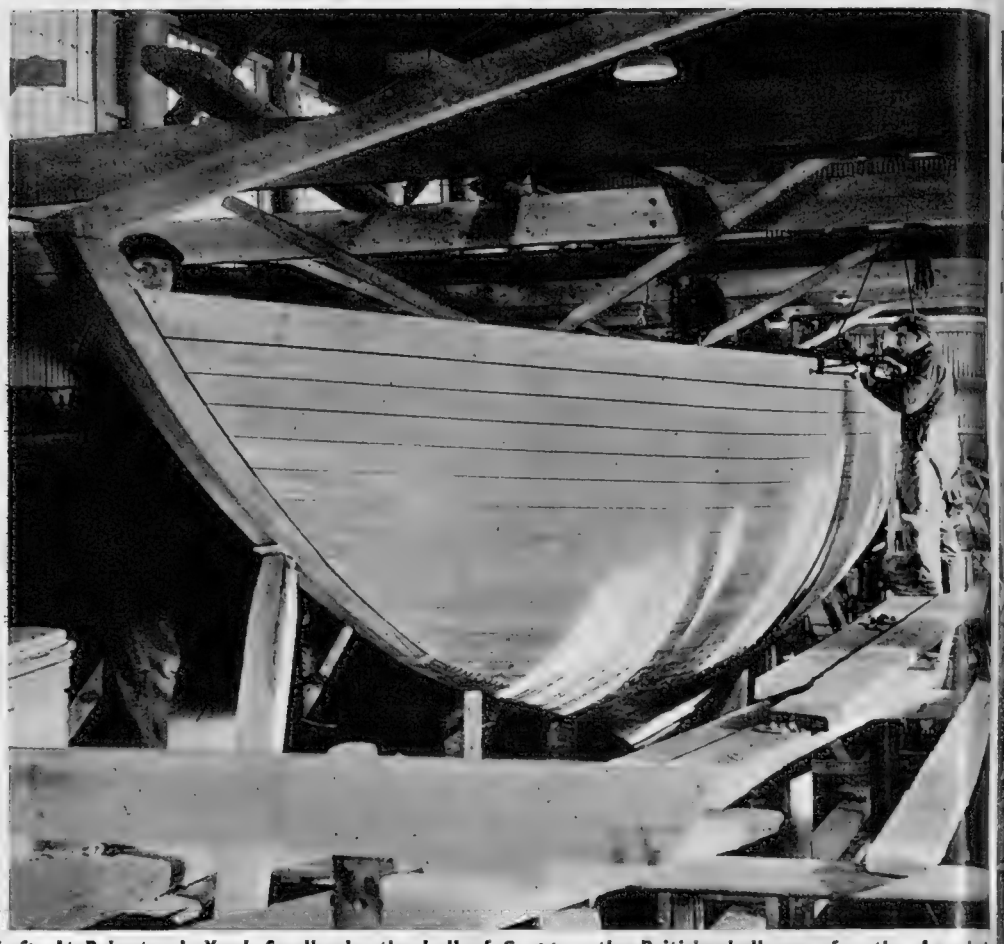
On left—

WITH WINGS FOLDED: The Scimitar is tested on the ground at the Ford Royal Naval Air Station, near Arundel, in Sussex. The jet exit for one of the two turbojets, which are mounted side by side amidships, is just behind the wing. All controls are powered. Air blown over the flaps cuts landing and take-off speeds.

LINED UP FOR INSPECTION: Scimitars of 700 "X" Flight stand on the tarmac at Ford. The squadron was formed in August last year for the purpose of testing these new aircraft for the Fleet Air Arm. In due course the Scimitar interceptor and strike aircraft will replace the Sea Hawk.

DEMONSTRATING THE EJECTOR SEAT: Lieutenant J. G. Beyfus goes through the drill for the Martin-Baker 4C fully-automatic ejector seat which is fitted to the Scimitar. Such seats are vital safety devices for transonic aircraft.





EARLY STAGES IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER: *Left*—At Robertson's Yard, Sandbank, the hull of *Sceptre*, the British challenger for the America's Cup nears completion. *Right*—A view of the hull from bows. The length of the waterline is about 44 ft. The height of the metal mast will be approximately 80 ft. On Wednesday, the yacht was launched by Lady Gore, wife of the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. *Sceptre's* construction was financed by a syndicate of R.Y.S. members.

PREPARING FOR A HISTORIC RACE

The British Challenger for the America's Cup—A Yacht of High Promise

THE launching of the new 12-metre *Sceptre* on the Clyde this week is only one stage in the progress of the brave project promoting a British challenge for the America's Cup. This trophy has been in the United States since 1851 when it was won in British waters by the schooner *America*. Since then many challenges have been made to bring it back, but none succeeded. The last abortive match was sailed in 1937.

After the war the "J" class, to which the challenger had to belong according to the original deed of gift, was extinct, and nothing could be done until last year when the rule was amended by the New York Supreme Court, making yachts of a shorter waterline length eligible for the contest. This made a challenge in the International 12-metre class possible.

On both sides of the Atlantic there are still some of these boats in existence, but many of them have been converted to cruising, with engines installed and rig reduced. Thus it was obvious that a British challenge could only be issued if a new, superior vessel was built to the class rule. This is what a group of British yachtsmen set out to do. The challenge has to be made by a yacht club. This was done by the Royal Yacht Squadron; the syndicate sponsoring the scheme consists of R.Y.S. members.

Mr. Hugh Goodson has been the moving spirit of the project from the very outset, in fact from the time that it was first known that the New York Yacht Club were seeking the Supreme Court's permission to alter the rules of the Cup. He approached a few of his friends and suggested that a boat should be provided by them with which a challenge could be made. In the early stages Lord Runciman helped him to lay the foundations and the following syndicate was formed:—Mr. Hugh Goodson (Chairman), Lieut.-Colonel Arthur Acland, Mr. Herman Andrews, Viscount Camrose, Mr. Bertram Currie, Group Captain Loel Guinness, Major Harold Hall, Sir Peter Hoare, Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan, Viscount Runciman and Mr. Charles Wainman.

Members of the syndicate were unanimous in their determination to make an all-out effort to win, and without delay, the challenge was issued. At a meeting in London between the New York Yacht Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron the conditions for the match were agreed. The races will start on September 20, 1958, on a course off Rhode Island, and winning four out of seven races over a course of 24 miles—to be sailed on consecutive days—will decide the match.

The design of the challenger was uppermost in the minds of the syndicate, and they were greatly assisted by Messrs. Saunders-Roe, who carried out extensive tests in their tank, examining and comparing models made to designs by four leading yacht designers. The result of these tests proved the design by David Boyd to be the most suitable for the conditions most likely to be met. Not only was a team sent out by the syndicate to America to sail in a chartered yacht last September, but meteorological data covering twenty years were meticulously studied.

AN ALL-IMPORTANT PART OF THE YACHT TAKES SHAPE: A craftsman concentrates on the making of the rudder, a task requiring the utmost delicate skill and precision and years of experience. During recent weeks work has continued for up to sixteen hours a day, with the sand-papering, painting and fitting-out of the 12-metre *Sceptre*.

Much research has been carried out into the qualities of various materials and fittings to be used in the new yacht by industrial firms. Imperial Chemical Industries have made many experiments and tests of several materials to obtain the best for the sails, while others have investigated such aspects as skin friction, anti-fouling, stressing of materials for mast and rigging, and many other, still secret experiments were made on complicated and costly devices. As a result it is hoped by Mr. Goodson and his associates that *Sceptre* will emerge as a yacht equipped with everything that the skill of British enterprise can produce.

Of equal importance to design, construction and sails is the selection of helmsman and crew. It has been unanimously agreed by the owners of *Sceptre* that the same principle should be applied to crew selection as they have applied to all other aspects of their enterprise. The choice and selection of helmsman and crew will be their hardest task yet. Many excellent people have offered themselves, and it is intended that the best will be selected from these, conforming to the highest possible standard.

While *Sceptre* was being built in the Clydeside boat-yard the syndicate have not been idle. Carefully detailed plans have been worked out for every subsequent phase of the "campaign," covering every angle of the programme from the launching to the time of the match. After her acceptance trials in the Clyde, *Sceptre* will be sailed to the Solent under trysail, where, based at Gosport, she will begin a most vigorous crew-training programme.

To simulate the actual conditions in which she will have to race, these exercises will not take place in the sheltered waters of the Solent, but in the open Channel. Later, the base will be moved to the West Country.

The challenger will be shipped to America in a Cunard cargo vessel, arriving in New York about July 20. Mr. Goodson, the chairman of the syndicate, the crew and

N OVERALL VIEW OF THE YACHT'S SLEEK LINES: The cost of building the 34-ton vessel was about £30,000. The race begins off Newport, Rhode Island, on September 10.

AN EARLY MODEL: It is held by yacht-builder Alastair Robertson. The British challenger has been built in Argyllshire to the design of Mr. David Boyd, a naval architect.

other members of the organisation will precede her by a short interval. All arrangements for stepping her mast and other work have been made with boatyards in America, and the whole organisation should work with clockwork precision.

And what about the *Sceptre's* chance to win? It is impossible to give an opinion on this, as it is not known what she is up against. According to the rules of the match, the name of the defender need not be given until one week before the first race. The best 12-metre in America is Mr. John Mathews's *Vim*, built before the war, but in addition three syndicates are building new boats, each designed by a leading designer and each having the advantage of extensive model tank tests. It would be foolish, therefore, to underestimate the opposition, whose vast resources of finance and facilities we cannot hope to match in this country. The contest will be an extremely tough one between the best each side can muster in designing skill and sailing ability and fitness of crew. The return of the America's Cup to this country would tremendously enhance British prestige in sailing and sport generally.

Gabor Denes

TO SAIL IN INITIAL TRIALS: The mast is lowered to the deck of the 12-metre yacht *Evaine* on the River Itchen, at Southampton. She is to race this season against *Sceptre* in a series of trials before the latter is shipped to America to compete for the America's Cup in a series of match races against the American defender.

A PERFORMANCE IN THE OPEN AIR : Using the steps outside a Buddhist temple, a Chinese opera company performs in a village on the island of Formosa. The operas are presented by travelling troupes of Nationalists throughout the whole area of Chiang Kai-shek's stronghold. The leading Formosan opera company, the Chinese Classical Theatre of Formosa, was seen in London last autumn.

CHINESE OPERA

Performances in the Traditional Style in Formosa

IN the autumn of 1955 London audiences saw the Classical Theatre of China from Pekin during its tour of Europe. It was the first time it had ever performed outside its native country. In September last year the Chinese Classical Theatre of Formosa also came to London for a short season. Among the Chinese, the performances both companies gave are known as Opera. Very wisely, those responsible for the British presentations called them " Theatre," for there is little, if any, relation between Mozart and Wagner and Chinese opera.

Confusion was avoided on the type of drama being performed. However, those researching into the background of Chinese opera may find bewilderment on another score. Contemporary politics inevitably have to enter traditional Chinese art. The top-flight Formosan players maintain that they brought the true tradition with them to their island when Chiang Kai-shek fled the mainland. The Pekin performances, they suggest, are somewhat debased. Naturally, the representatives of the company from Red—and as far as Britain is concerned, recognised—China maintain the opposite.

According to them, Pekin is still the real inheritor of the centuries-old tradition. Presumably only a sinologue can decide between them. But expert and impartial judgment rarely affects the attitude of the politically partisan. The rival merits of the Chinese opera companies is certainly not a matter to be placed upon the agenda of a Summit Conference which aims at any possibility of a unanimous and successful outcome.

Perhaps there are some visitors who can go to the island stronghold of Chiang Kai-shek and forget the political situation—at any rate, while watching performances of opera. There are said to be over 100 opera companies at present touring Formosa, moving among towns and villages and playing usually to crowded audiences. To the millions of refugees from China the performances certainly bring the tradition of their homeland. Standards may vary from company to company, but there is no doubt that the top-class players, as London audiences will remember, are possessed of remarkable ability, and show a singleminded devotion to their calling and their art.

A FAMILY TRADITION : Miss Yen-Wan Wu is in the same company as her mother and father. Her gold teeth are considered to be a sign of wealth and success.

SYMBOLISM IN HEAD-DRESS : The ornate head-dress worn by this actress in an opera is an indication that she is playing the part of a lady of high social status

To the Westerner the plays are opera only in the sense that they have orchestral accompaniment on Oriental instruments and the performers utter rhythmical chants. In Occidental terms they might equally well be called ballets, because there is much miming, movement and symbolism. Conventions inherited through centuries are the basis of the productions.

Scenery can be elaborate, but in most cases the outside of a temple or some other building will serve as a stage, with no sets and few props. Gestures and symbols tell the story. Ladies sew with imaginary needles, boats are rowed with real paddles—but there are no boats. Doors are opened and closed by the stretching-out or drawing-in of arms. Changes of scene are indicated by the lines spoken by characters as they enter. An actor carrying a tufted stick is riding a horse. This represents his whip and he throws it on the floor when he dismounts. A member of the cast walking between two yellow flags is being transported in a carriage.

Rules are set down for the display of feeling and emotion. A man who holds a position of great dignity walks with deliberate paces. A young girl reveals her youthful uncertainty by wriggling and squirming. Anger is indicated by the shaking of beards, respect to a character by others kneeling or bowing before him.

The symbolism of costumes is a great help in interpretation. Lavishly-coloured robes ornamented with intricate designs show whether the wearer is a king or warrior or member of high estate. Head-dress is a further help. A beggar may wear a plain cloth round his head, a barbarian chieftain two pheasant feathers, an official a round black satin hat with a wing on each side. Make-up is another important consideration. With two exceptions, all performers have painted faces. Black signifies a hard but good character; off-white a treacherous disposition; patterns representing monkeys, crabs and dragons all have their places in the mixture of colour for dramatic purposes. The two unpainted exceptions are ladies of high society and scholars. They appear with their natural complexions.

Women not infrequently play male roles and conversely a man may appear as a woman. This is due to the fact that in a small company almost every member has to " double " parts. In a stage battle between warriors, which requires many acrobatic leaps and somersaults carried out at high speed, one of the participants may be a woman.

The language intoned in these operas may be incomprehensible to the Western visitor, even if he has some knowledge of Mandarin Chinese. But the actions speak for themselves and an understanding of language is virtually unnecessary. The Chinese classical theatre, be it in Pekin or Taipeh, the capital of Formosa, most surely remains " national," whatever the politics of the cast.

ON THE MOVE : From lorries with signs proclaiming "Chinese Travelling Opera," members of a troupe largely composed of girls move along a road.

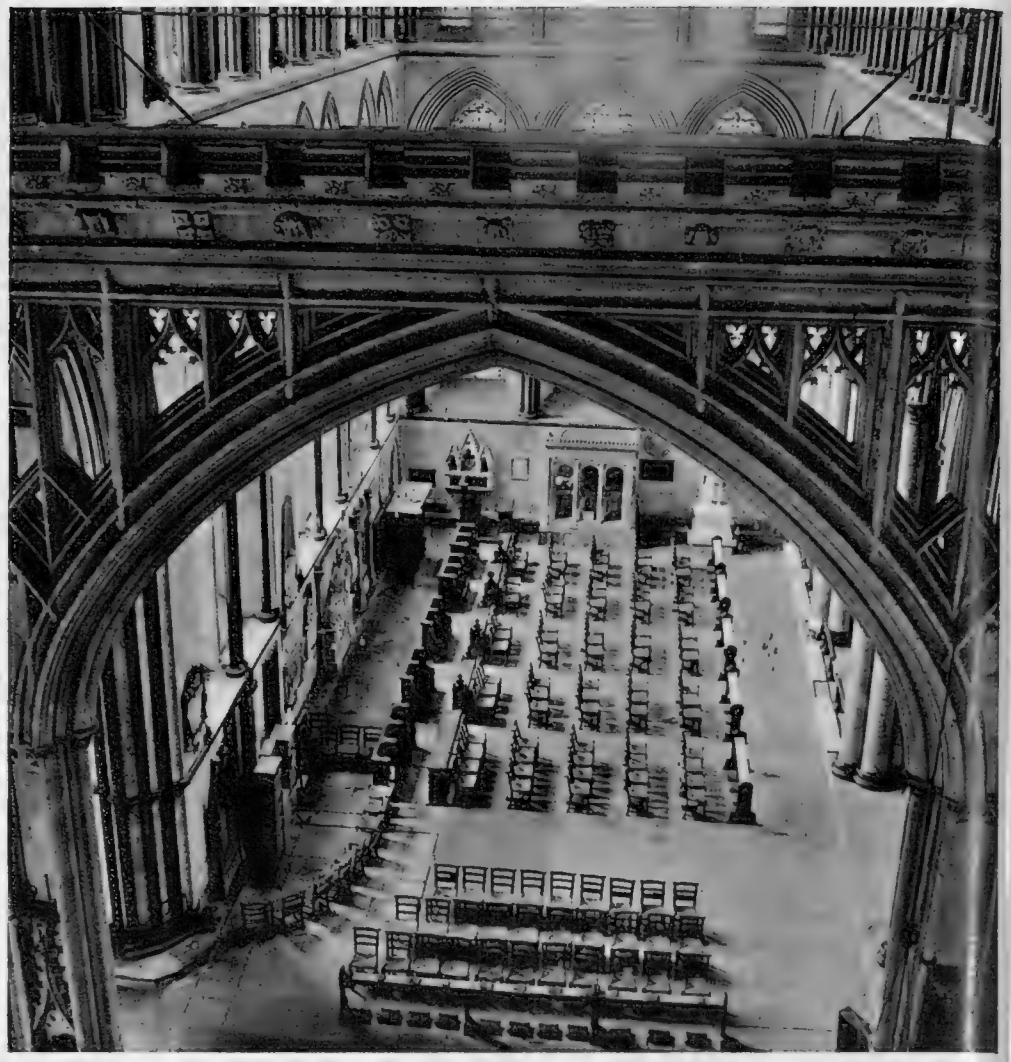
MOVEMENTS REVEAL CHARACTER AND FEELING : To the left centre of the stage a personage of high dignity walks with slow and deliberate paces. The girls may symbolise their youth by wriggling and squirming. The bearded man in the background shows anger by shaking his beard.

THE COURSE OF A BATTLE : Agile movements and swift acrobatics inform the audience of the progress in a battle between warriors. The make-up of the two standing characters reveals one as a good man, the other as evil.

LAVISH COSTUMES WITH TRADITIONAL MEANING : The variety of brilliant colours and the designs on the robes dispense with the need for a programme. The expert spectator at once identifies the types of character on the stage from their costumes.

DETAILS OF MAKE-UP : The actresses may take an hour on their task. Make-up, like dress, portrays character in the Chinese opera. For instance, an off-white face means a treacherous person. Only ladies and scholars show their natural complexions.

MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA : The instruments being played are, from left, the pipa (a kind of guitar) ; the so-na (a species of trumpet) ; the ching-hu (a single-stringed instrument); the erh-hu (with larger single string), and the san-hsien (three strings).



THE GLORY OF ENGLISH GOTHIC IN ITS FINEST FORM: *Left*—The view of Salisbury Cathedral is from the water-meadows at Harnham, near the spot where Constable painted some of his famous pictures. This year is the 700th anniversary of the consecration of the Cathedral. The spire was added in 1330. It is 404 ft. high, the fourth highest in Europe. Between the water and the Cathedral are the gardens and backs of some of the houses in the Close. *Right*—The North Transept, with its many monuments, is seen from the Triforium.

"THE ILLUSTRIOUS CHURCH OF SARUM"

This Year Salisbury Cathedral Celebrates the Seven-hundredth Anniversary of its Consecration

By JOHN STEEL

THE best way to obtain a full impression of the unique glories of Salisbury Cathedral, in Wiltshire, and its surroundings is to climb the narrow spiral staircase inside the tower. The summit of the 404-ft. spire itself must be reached by ascending a long series of interior ladders and such a feat is only to be recommended to those with strong heads and flexible muscles. It is sufficient to go to a height of, say, 250 ft. within the tower and then scramble out on to a parapet to obtain the necessary view.

Above rises the giant finger of the spire, pointing to heaven. Below are the roofs and pinnacles of the Cathedral building, with all around the spread of the wide lawns of the Close Green. Standing behind them in an astonishing unison of styles of architecture, ranging from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century (with one somewhat controversial twentieth-century addition), are the houses of the Close. There are over seventy of them, including the famous Mompesson House, one of the showpieces of late Jacobean domestic architecture; the North Canonry, with its gardens described as among the fairest in England; the Walton Canonry, built by the son of the author of *The Compleat Angler*, and many other noble dwellings. Each has its history and not a few their resident ghosts.

In the room above St. Anne's Gate—one of the three entrances to the walled precincts—Handel once gave concerts. In a house nearby Henry Fielding lived and wrote. And, of course, any properly-educated person is convinced that Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, Archdeacon Grantley and all the rest of the Barchester Society were historical characters who walked these lawns and their environs. It is a generally-accepted fact that Trollope was inspired to write *The Warden* when he was leaning over Harnham Bridge, just outside the Close, and looking at the medieval almshouse of St. Nicholas Hospital.

Northwards through the haze about two miles away at the outer confines of the present city, the hill of Old Sarum is to be discerned. This was the previous site of Salisbury Cathedral. St. Osmund, its founder, and his immediate successors codified the Liturgy into the Sarum Use, and for this work earned for their church a reputation throughout Christendom as *Ecclesia praeclara et insignis*. The "Illustrious Church of Sarum" Salisbury has always remained.

The reason for the removal of the Cathedral from Old to New Sarum was in keeping with the times. Throughout the early years of the thirteenth century there were constant quarrels between the ecclesiastical authorities of the Cathedral and the civil and military authorities of the castle. Herbert Poore, who was appointed Bishop in 1194, slowly came to the conclusion that the Cathedral must be transferred to another site. He did not live to see his wish fulfilled. This was translated into practice by his brother, Richard, who succeeded him in 1217.

Deprived of its Cathedral, Old Sarum lingered on as a garrison for another two centuries. But it continued to enjoy influence over the life of Britain as one of the notorious Rotten Boroughs until 1832.

Richard Poore began work on Salisbury Cathedral in 1220 on a site known as Myrfield. Elias de Dereham was the architect and Nicholas of Ely the master mason. So well did they work that on September 28, 1225, they were able to dedicate the Lady Chapel. Twenty-three years afterwards, in 1258, the Cathedral was completed. The later additions, all within less than a century, were the upper tower, spire, Chapter House, Cloisters and West Front.

Many of the Consecration Crosses—there were twelve inside the Cathedral and twelve outside—placed at the time of the Consecration, may still be seen in a remarkable state of preservation. Designed throughout in the Early English style of architecture, Salisbury is the only Cathedral in Great Britain, apart from St. Paul's, in London, to be planned and finished according to the architect's original plans.

This summer the Cathedral will be 700 years old. On June 28, the Archbishop of Canterbury will conduct a service to mark the 700th anniversary of the Consecration of the Cathedral, which will be attended by the Queen Mother. By a fortunate coincidence this is the year of the Lambeth Conference and many bishops are expected to be present. During the summer there will also be a Festival of Music in which Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, the Philomusica of London, the Salisbury Musical Society and the Cathedral choir will take part.

From Sunday, April 6, up to Tuesday, September 30, the Cathedral will be floodlit. Just how well Richard of Farleigh designed the great tower and spire, whose decorations will be enhanced by the floodlighting, can be more fully understood when it is stressed that in winter-time and summer-time water lies barely 3 or 4 ft., respectively, below the foundations of the Cathedral!

No fewer than four rivers meet near the Cathedral: the Avon, the Wylye, the Nadder and the Bourne, so the building virtually floats on a kind of gravel raft. It is little short of a miracle that hundreds of years ago both Elias de Dereham, the architect, and Richard of Farleigh were able to calculate stresses and strains with such amazing accuracy. It may give some idea of Farleigh's skill to know that the estimated load of the tower and spire amounts to 6,400 tons, the weight of a small ocean-going liner.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries an elaborate system of flying buttresses was built to counteract this colossal pressure, and Bishop Beauchamp, builder of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, added two particularly fine stone girder arches between the north and south arches of the tower. These are of a later style of architecture than the tower and are in the Perpendicular Gothic style. At the time of the survey carried out by Sir Christopher Wren in 1688, the spire was approximately 2 ft. 5 ins. out of the perpendicular. There has been no marked declination since then.

There is so much to be seen in the Cathedral. Visitors from overseas will certainly want to see the Library, which will be open during the celebrations, for in it there is a contemporary copy of the Magna Carta—one of the very few still in existence. Copies were sent at the time of the signing to most of the English Cathedrals, but now only Lincoln and Salisbury possess these priceless treasures.

Among the Cathedral's great glories are the magnificent Cloisters, from a corner of which Turner painted his unforgettable picture of the Cathedral spire. The Cloisters lead into the Chapter House, a masterpiece of decorated architecture. The graceful roof and the delicately-moulded central pillar are an architectural miracle in themselves.

At the spring of the arches of the arcade in the Chapter House are a series of carved stone heads representing people in various walks of life at the time it was built. These are most amusing, for the masons must have heartily disliked some of their subjects, the expressions on certain of the faces being cruel and cunning to a degree. Below them is a series of sixty sculptures or bas reliefs which fill the spandrels above the niches and below the windows. These are contemporary with the building and show the history of the world from the time of the Creation to the giving of the Ten Commandments.

Salisbury Cathedral is particularly rich in splendid monuments. Among the most noteworthy is the splendid Hertford Monument to Edward Hertford, who died in 1621 and who was the son of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of England. He married Catherine, sister of Lady Jane Grey, nine days Queen of England. Behind the altar of St. Peter in the North Choir aisle is the monument to Sir Thomas Gorges, the builder of Longford

THE UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: There is no other Close like this in the world. The Cathedral stands above wide, green lawns, which are surrounded by the houses of the Close. In the right-hand corner is the former Palace of the Bishops, now the Choir School. Towards the right background is the spire of St. Martin's Church, which is older in foundation than the Cathedral.

Castle, near Salisbury, and his wife, Helena Snachenburg, a Swede who was Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth the First. Sir Thomas, incidentally, had the unhappy task of arresting Mary, Queen of Scots.

In the North Choir aisle is the sumptuous Bishop Audley's Chantry Chapel, containing the grave of Bishop Audley. This beautiful Chapel has been restored to its former dignity. The South Choir aisle contains the ornate tomb of Sir Richard Mompesson, who died in 1627, and his wife Catherine; a later member of this family built Mompesson House in the Close. It is now owned by the National Trust and is open to visitors during the summer months.

No one interested in the law should miss the perfect medieval tomb of William Longespee, the son of King Henry II. Not only was he present at the signing of the Magna Carta in June 1215. He also laid one of the foundation-stones of the Cathedral in 1220. His effigy is a typical likeness of a medieval knight, and on the sides of his tomb may be seen traces of the bright colours with which it was once decorated. Over 700 centuries have passed since the body of Longespee was brought from the old Cathedral at Sarum to rest in a place of honour in the new Cathedral. His indomitable spirit, like those of St. Osmund, who founded the first Cathedral on Sarum Hill, and of Bishops Herbert and Richard Poore, still seems to pervade the entire precincts.

"I have travelled all over Europe in search of architecture, and I have seen nothing like this," remarked Pugin on his last visit to Salisbury. Some years previously Constable had immortalised the slender proportions of the Cathedral's Gothic for hundreds of thousands who never have the opportunity of visiting the city. His paintings, of which perhaps "The Rainbow" is the best known, were made from the water-meadows to the south and the west of the Close.

Perhaps the finest tribute to Salisbury, and one most apposite in this year of its 700th anniversary, can be heard from Mr. Cooper, the Head Verger. To those who are privileged to be shown round the Cathedral by him, he will remark at the end of the tour: "Elias de Dereham and Nicholas of Ely built well . . . what a wonderful legacy they have left to us and to those who follow on."

A DETAIL OF THE WEST FRONT: Like the spire, it is a slightly later addition to the main Cathedral. The original statues, representing the "Te Deum," perished and were not replaced until the nineteenth century.

THE GRACEFUL BEAUTY OF THE ARCHES: Above the Purbeck marble pillars and arches of the Nave are Triforium and Clerestory.

Cutlers' Feast

The Annual Feast of the Company of Cutlers in Their Hall in Sheffield

The interior of the Cutlers' Hall, in Sheffield, presented a scene of great magnificence when the 322nd annual feast of the Company of Cutlers in Hallamshire took place there on Tuesday of last week. The event is one of the most important annual occasions to be held in Sheffield. This year it was particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that for the first time in the history of the Company the full complement of the hundred ladies invited sat down to dine in the Mistress Cutler's honour. While Sir Frederick Pickworth, the Master Cutler, and his guests dined in the vast Minstrels' Gallery, Lady Pickworth, the Mistress Cutler, sat down to dinner in the Hughes Room with her twenty principal guests. Her eighty other guests had dinner at the Grand Hotel, Sheffield, where the scene was no less splendid and glittering than in the Hughes Room. In past years the ladies have had only champagne and then attended the speeches. In appreciation of the Mistress Cutler's thoughtfulness, the eighty guests signed a vellum scroll which was presented to her after the feast. After dinner, the Mistress Cutler took her place at the head of the stairs to receive her remaining guests from the Grand Hotel for the speeches, at which the Master Cutler gave the traditional double loyal toast—the first to the Queen and the second to the Queen Mother, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal Family.

On right—

A GRACIOUS SCENE: The Mistress Cutler is with her principal guests in the Hughes Room at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. They are, reading anti-clockwise from the far end of the table: Lady Roberts, Lady Goodwin, Mrs. J. M. Levesley, Mrs. E. W. Senior, Lady Knollys, Lady Pickworth (the Mistress Cutler), Mrs. A. Ballard (the Lady Mayoress), Mrs. A. Levesley, Gladys Lady Roberts, Lady Matthews, Mrs. P. J. C. Bovill, Mrs. John Heys, Mrs. J. Matthews, Mrs. J. T. W. Dewar, Lady Harrison, Mrs. J. H. Neill, Lady Leggatt, Mrs. S. E. Furey, Mrs. S. F. Pickworth and Mrs. N. Capsticks.

IN THE HUGHES ROOM: After dining together, the principal guests were joined by eighty other of the Mistress Cutler's lady guests who had dined in her honour at the Grand Hotel and entered the Minstrels' Gallery for speeches.

AT THE CUTLERS' FEAST: Standing, from left to right, are: Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for Australia; the Earl of Home; Sir Frederick Pickworth, the Master Cutler; the Earl of Scarbrough; the Duke of Rutland, and Dr. J. E. Holloway, the High Commissioner for South Africa. *On left*—A general view of the guests seated for dinner in the Cutlers' Hall.

Easter at the Pumps—The Motoring Season Starts

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THERE exist motorists to whom Easter always seems a good holiday to spend off the road; but this year the garage trade is confident that millions will disagree with those faint-hearts. Maintaining their remarkable recovery of last year, the motor manufacturers have continued to turn out record numbers of cars this winter, with home sales holding up remarkably well during the slack season as well as exports. There are probably about 350,000 more cars registered than there were at this time last year, and all of them are free to join the jam-packed joyrides if they wish. Last Easter petrol rationing, even if honoured more in the breach than in the observance, was still formally in force.

To-day, the garages are ready and anxious to fill every petrol tank brimfull. From shortage while the Suez Canal was closed the West's oil supplies have swung hard over to surplus. The petroleum industry was able to restore the lines of transport and the volume of oil they carried much more rapidly than it could restore its customers' ebullient rate of growth in demand. Demand at the beginning of this year was certainly much higher in Britain, for example, than twelve months before, when supplies were at their shortest, but, as against two years before, garage sales of petrol were not up nearly in line with the impressive "normal" rate of growth achieved in most post-war years.

Easter is normally the first peak month of the private motoring year. It is followed by a lull in demand for petrol, until pleasure driving picks up in June. The flush of driving at the holiday week-end needs full supplies at Britain's 28,000 garages and petrol filling stations; it puts a considerable but customary strain upon the elaborate network of distribution that moves petroleum products round Britain.

This network has been radically altered since the wartime pooling arrangements blotted out company identities in petroleum distribution. When the wartime Petroleum Board was abolished in 1948, the oil companies received back their storage installations, coastal craft, barges, railcars and road tankers. But the consumption of oil products with which they had to deal was 15,000,000 tons against 10,000,000 tons in 1939, and seemed likely to go on rising. It has. In 1956 it had reached nearly double the 1948 figure. The physical facilities, in many cases, were simply inadequate for the job; nor did temporary wartime facilities help much, since these, including pipelines, had been set up to handle a quite different geographical pattern of oil movement.

Finally, the decision to switch to imports of crude oil, and to refine these in Britain, strengthened the need for a different distribution pattern. Delivery direct from the refineries replaced much of the former distribution from ocean terminals to inland depots. The number of depots was radically reduced, and most were made larger. Against the former reliance mainly upon bulk delivery by rail, the companies turned over to delivery to these main depots by barge or coastal steamer. Water transport is cheap, though slow and the change allowed considerable economies in bulk distribution costs.

But to take full advantage of large-scale methods in distribution, something had to be done about the facilities of the oil companies' retail customers—the filling stations. Many of these still offered a multiplicity of brands of petrol from a large number of pumps. Unfortunately, the concomitant of this wide choice for the motorist was that each station might have as many small storage tanks as pumps, able to take only a small proportion of a road tanker's 1,200-4,000 gallons. The more frequently the tank vehicle had to call and replenish the storage tank, the higher the costs of distribution.

From the point of view of operating cost, this was why the oil companies began their "tied garage" campaign in 1951. They would approach the major garages with the offer of financial assistance in improving facilities, on condition that the garage concerned sold one or a few stated brands of petrol, not a wide variety of odd brands. If it agreed, it would be able to take a much larger proportion of the tank vehicle's load in one "drop," cutting down the number of visits required and the operating time required of the oil company's road fleet. This quiet revolution in distribution did a good deal to protect the industry from the rises in price that other ones had to impose. Although the heavy cost of tax masks the price that the company gets from that the consumer pays, oil prices have remained comparatively stable over the years.

Five years ago the tied garage often displayed a selection of different petrols; for example, those marketed by Shell-Mex and B.P. under joint distribution arrangements. But in the last two years or so the oil companies have refined their policy. To-day, the tendency is towards the "solus site" selling only one brand of petrol. This is partly a reflection of growing competition now; perhaps to a greater extent a reflection of competition to come.

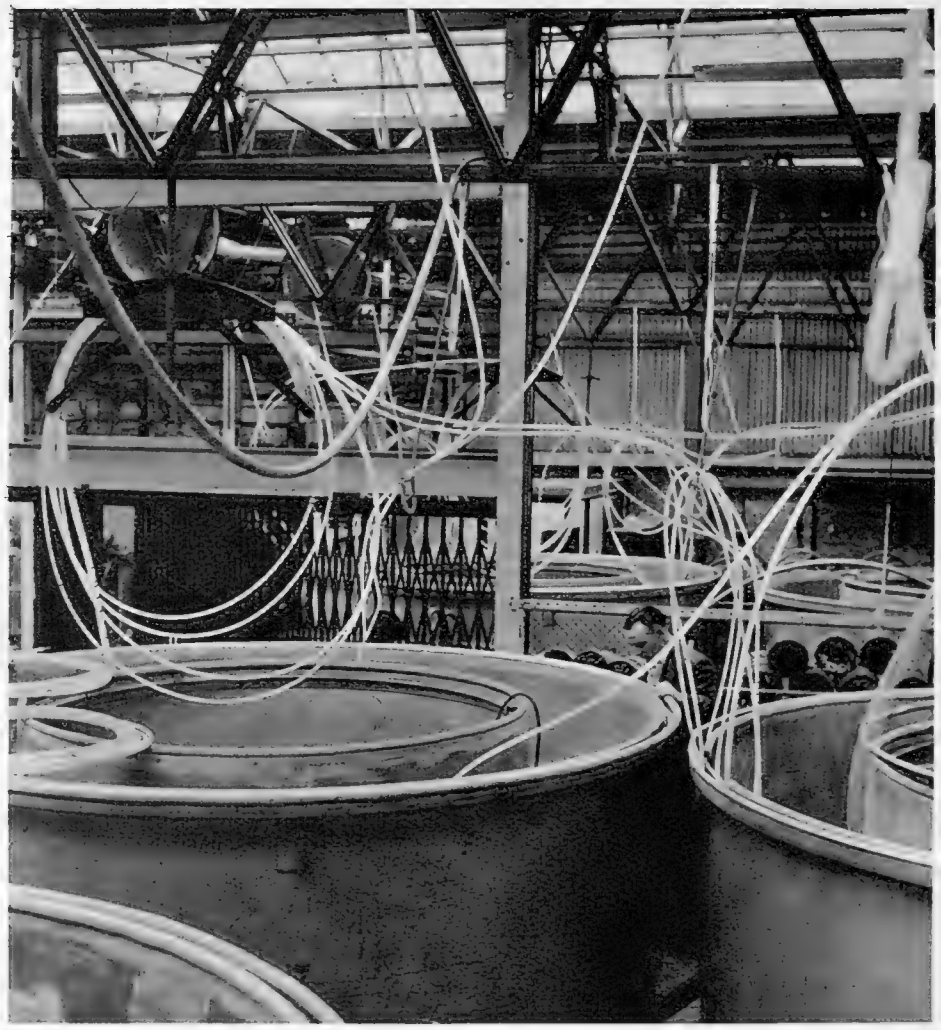
Throughout the world, the oil industry is having to reckon with a period in which its supplies will probably be increasing faster than its demand. This is because production of crude oil is rising in many countries, particularly in the Middle East. There are far more independent companies ready to do a deal with oil-rich countries than there were in the '30's. The strength of the major oil companies lies to a greater extent than before in their readier access to the world's main markets for selling petroleum products. Finally, that access must be measured in retail markets, filling stations and oil shops. It is worth offering these retailers considerable inducements to take only a particular brand of oil to protect the established supplier against price-cutting competitors who may well appear.

In Britain, as abroad, the companies have now found it worth while to buy up filling stations at key points on major highways, and to build about 1,500 new filling stations of their own. These garages, representing only about 5 per cent. of the total number in Britain, do perhaps 10 per cent. of all petrol business. At the other end of the scale, roughly another tenth is sold through the remaining "free garages" which have not concluded exclusive sales agreements. The rest—80 per cent. of the country's garage sales of petrol—goes through garages which have exclusive sales agreements with one of the companies. Most of these agreements last for quite a number of years; well beyond the period, in fact, when the oil industry as a whole is expecting to remain in a situation of slight surplus.

The motorist has some reservations about this "rationalisation of retail outlets"—he might prefer the choice of several brands even to slicker service and more attention to cleaning his windscreen. But if the market is indeed due to soften one cannot expect the major oil companies to forgo their own advantageous position in the market. The alternative to exclusive selling agreements would almost certainly be more buying up—and possibly wasteful building of new filling stations in what is already an "over-garaged" country.

TRAFFIC CONGESTION AT THE CROSS-ROADS: The scene at Shannon Corner, on the Kingston Bypass, at New Malden, in Surrey, is reminiscent of conditions on many of Britain's roads on Easter Monday, or, indeed, on week-ends throughout the spring and summer months. This picture was taken for the Roads Campaign Council to show how easily vehicles of many descriptions can become entangled if the road is not adequate to cope with modern-day traffic.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

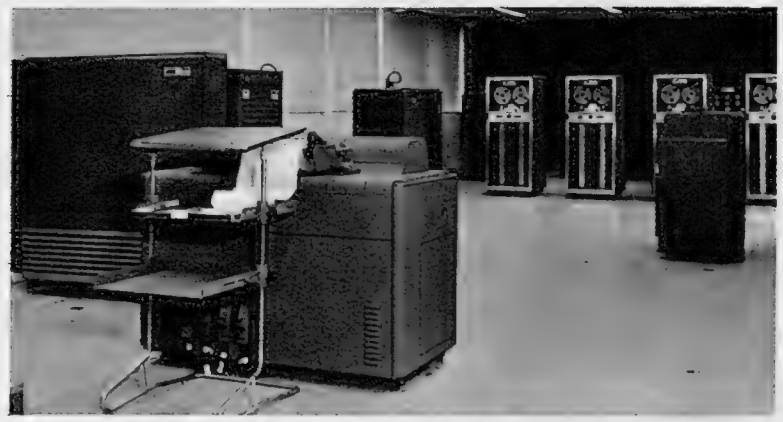


MAKING TELEPHONE CABLES THAT CROSS THE ATLANTIC

One of the major successes of recent years in world communications has been the laying of the first Atlantic telephone cable. A British firm, Submarine Cables Ltd., played a great part in this vital link by producing 4,200 nautical miles of this cable. They are now working on over 2,000 nautical miles for the second Atlantic telephone cable to be laid next year. The picture reproduced *above* is one of a series taken at the Erith works of Submarine Cables Ltd., showing how a modern transatlantic cable is manufactured.

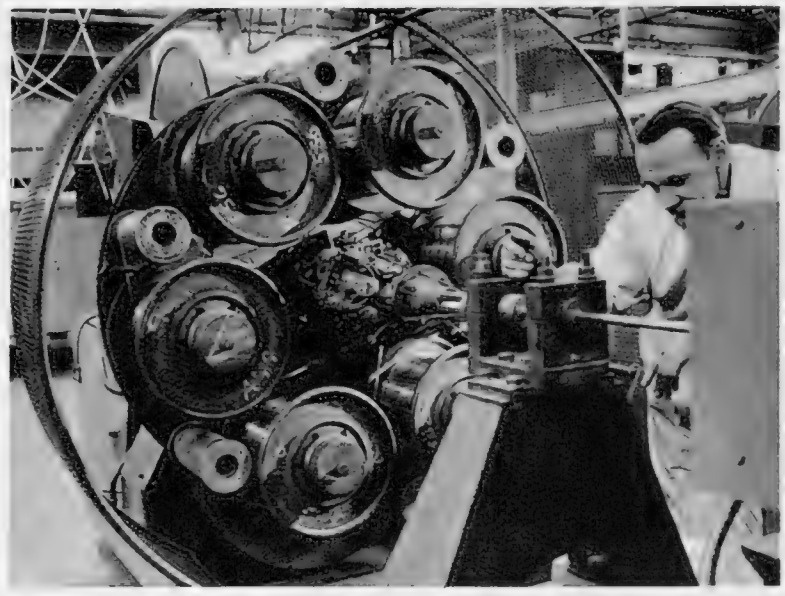
The beginning of submarine cable history (since 1850) was the discovery of a new plastic, a gum from a tree known in the Far East as "Gutta Percha." Having unique electrical properties, it was unrivalled until the introduction of Polythene in the 1930's. Even to-day, out of 500,000 nautical miles of submarine cables, more than 90 per cent. has gutta percha as the insulant.

The modern submarine telephone cable is known as a "co-axial" which has a copper tape outer conductor over the insulation as distinct from the conventional type of telegraph cable which relies on the sea water for the return conductor. The use of Polythene as an insulant enables cables of improved electrical characteristics to be produced and the inclusion of repeaters in the line has made possible extension of the relatively short-distance telephone cable to almost unlimited length. The cost of laying a submarine cable is £10 a mile.



A POWERFUL COMPUTER IN BRITAIN

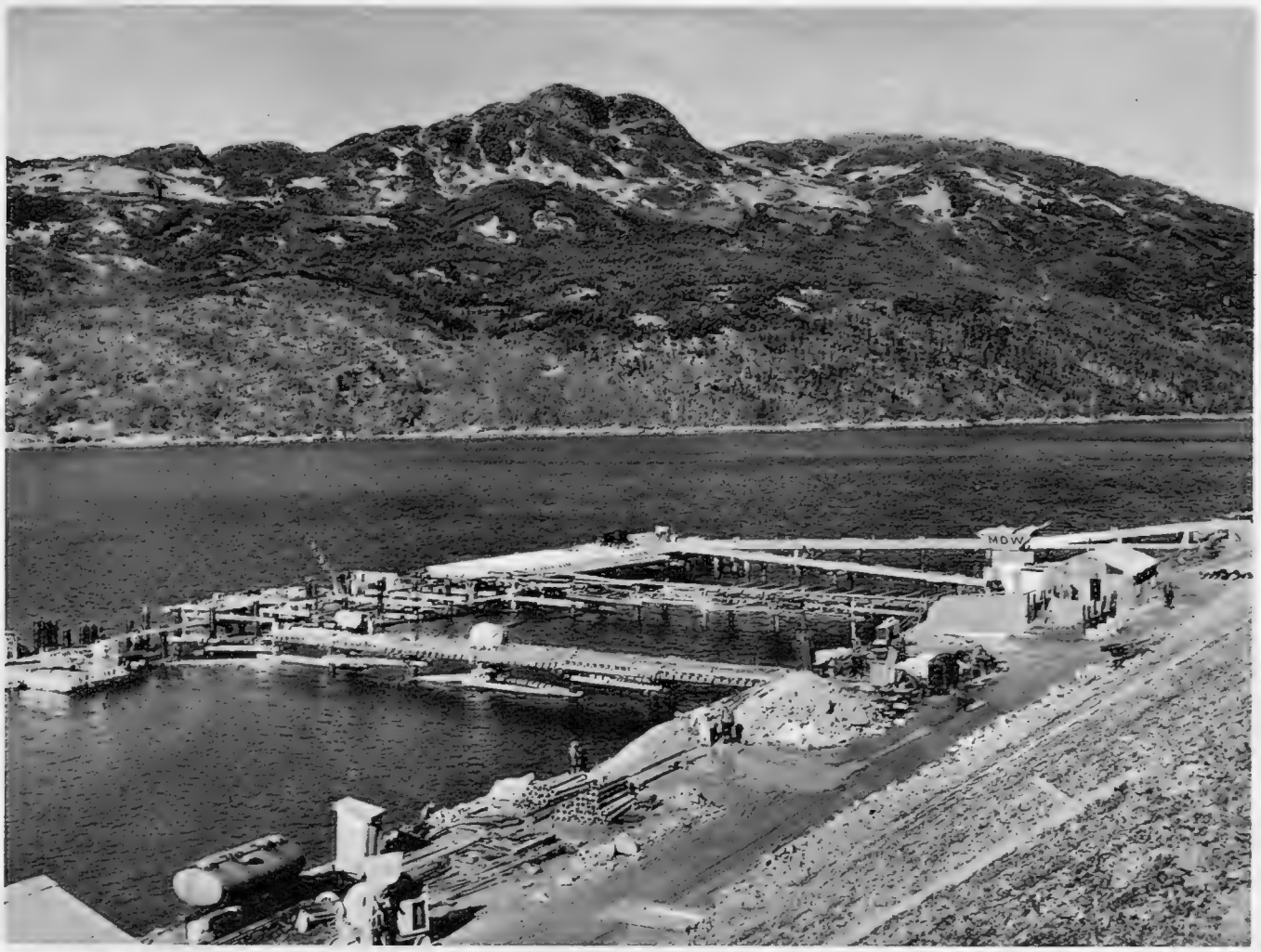
The IBM 704 Electronic Data Processing Machine, which is used by the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, is one of the most powerful computers outside America. It consists of twenty-five inter-connected units and works at a rate of about 40,000 arithmetical steps a second. The machine in the foreground is a 150-line-a-minute printer; in the background are four of the ten magnetic tape units, each of which can read and write on magnetic tape at the rate of 15,000 characters per second. Four reels of tape can store 3,840,000 words, or the equivalent of six large telephone directories. This is a similar installation to the one in Washington which is being used for tracking satellites.



A COPPER TAPING MACHINE BEING MADE READY FOR OPERATION: These machines apply to the insulated conductor in one operation a layer of six copper tapes, a binding copper tape, a binding tape and a jute yarn.

STORING FUEL UNDER THE WATER

On Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, experiments have been made with a huge rubberised nylon bag which is capable of holding 2,000 gallons of fuel. In the picture *above* the bag is seen floating on the water, and, *on right*, it is lifted from the water by a portable crane. The bag can be anchored below the surface of the water and when the contents are required additional air can be pumped into the bag to bring it to the surface. Alternatively, the fuel can be pumped to the surface by hose direct from the bag while still in its submerged position. The storage bag, known as the Salek-container, has been developed by Sven Swallert, a Swedish engineer.



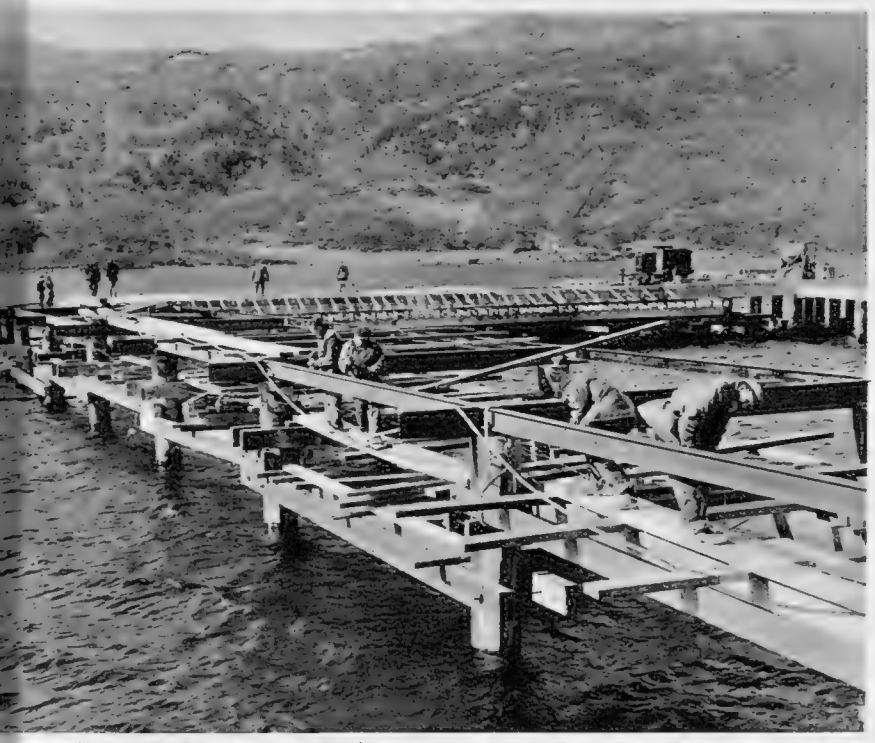
SCOTLAND'S NEW TANKER JETTY TAKES SHAPE: It is an extension to the B.P. Ocean Terminal at Finnart, on Loch Long, and is about half a mile south of the present installation which came into use in 1951.

A NEW TANKER JETTY IN SCOTLAND

The extension to the Finnart Ocean Terminal on Loch Long, on the west coast of Scotland, is expected to be completed in the autumn of this year. It is situated half a mile south of the existing installation and involves the construction of a 330-ft.-wide jetty and four storage tanks. In addition, pipes have to be laid to connect it with the existing installation from which a 57-mile-long pipeline runs to the British Petroleum refinery at Grangemouth, on the Firth of Forth. The work is expected to cost about £2,000,000 and is giving employment to some 350 men. Expansion work is also being carried out at the Grangemouth refinery which, by 1959, will increase the present capacity of 2,200,000 tons a year to 3,100,000 tons.

When completed, the new jetty at Finnart will be able to accommodate super-class tankers capable of discharging up to 6,000 tons of crude oil an hour. It will be connected to the shore by 180-ft.-long arms made of concrete, one of which will carry a roadway for light vehicles; another will carry a pipe track. The concrete decking of the jetty will be supported on steel piles, ranging in length from 28 to 112 ft. and driven to depths down to 25 ft. into the bed of the loch. The excavated material from the site is being used to form bunds round the tanks and for foundations to the roads and pipe-track formation. Special precautions have been taken to prevent oil seeping into the loch. The existing installation at Finnart, which was brought into use in 1951, was the first deep-water tanker terminal in Scotland. The steel pipeline to Grangemouth is buried throughout its length, and can carry about 3,250,000 tons of oil a year.

On left—
PREPARING THE PIPELINE TO THE REFINERY AT GRANGEMOUTH: An instrument, known as a "go-devil," is being used to clear the interior of the pipe. The "go-devil" is forced through the pipe by the pressure of the oil, scraping and clearing as it goes. The pipeline is cleaned once or twice a year.



THE PIPEBRIDGE AND JETTY HEAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION: When completed, the jetty head will be about 330 ft. in length. It will be connected to the shore by 180-ft.-long arms made of concrete, one of which will carry a pipe track.

LAYING NEW PIPELINES: The terminal at Finnart is connected by a 57-mile pipeline to the B.P. oil refinery at Grangemouth. *On left*—A bund, close to the storage tanks, is prepared for concrete slabbing. The work at Finnart is expected to be completed this year.

The World of Books

A PROVOCATIVE STYLIST

Henry Miller's Autobiography; Sir Osbert Sitwell Completes a Trilogy; Japanese Politics; Fiction Ranging from the Midlands to Exotic Foreign Settings, and Two Historical Novels

MR. HENRY MILLER, the brilliant American writer who might be called an ex-expatriate since he has long returned to California from the Paris which was once his home, is neither one to mince matters nor to pander to the reader. His style is, and always has been, highly individual and so is his choice of titles. His new book, for instance, which is autobiographical, long and immensely stimulating, he has called BIG SUR AND THE ORANGES OF HIERONYMUS BOSCH (Heinemann. 30s.), a title which he evidently judged to be relevant, appropriate and not a syllable too long. The odd thing is that, by the end of the book, the reader is inclined to agree with him.

Mr. Miller has been living in the coastal Californian region of Big Sur for more than ten years. To him, and to some of his widely spaced neighbours, it is Paradise. There is little building, extremes of climate, a tremendous and rugged view, the cold Pacific in front and the mountains and forests behind. "This," says the author, "is the California that men dreamed of years ago, this is the Pacific that Balboa looked out on from the Peak of Darien." But although Bosch's oranges symbolised the delights of Paradise, the painter allowed demons into his canvases, too, and there are demonic figures, generally transitory, in Mr. Miller's description of his life in Big Sur. One of them indeed made him a visitation and the account of that is a self-contained book by itself.

Self-contained, however, is a wildly unsuitable phrase to use about this writer. He is provocative, a stylist without apparent *finesse* and yet with the subtlety of an exceptional intellect; the candour of his writing can shock; the range of his philosophical interest can be overwhelming. He has written a book which could be an endless subject for discussion. It will amuse or exasperate, but it will never, for a single paragraph, be dull.

A NEW NOVEL BY A PLAYWRIGHT: R. F. Delderfield, whose comedy *Worm's Eye View* had such a long run after the war, is the author of *The Dreaming Suburb* (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.). The novel is reviewed on this page.

ON THE CONTINENT (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is a collection of poems, or portraits in verse, by Sir Osbert Sitwell and it is the final volume of a trilogy. The scene is an Italian city by the Mediterranean and the subjects for the poet's darting wit and familiar form are the members of an English colony there. He has called it *A Book of Inquilinics* and both the joke and the touch of abstruseness are typical, for inquilines are defined either as "indwellers in a place not their own," as guests, lodgers or as animals which live in the abode of another. An authority of the 1880's even propounded that "There are several genera of gall-flies . . . which are known as guest gall-flies or inquilines." Half amusing, half saddening and invariably well-mannered.

Sole political book of this week's collection is JAPAN AND HER DESTINY (Hutchinson. 30s.). This massive volume is by the late Mamoru Shigemitsu who died just a year ago and who was, until shortly before that time, Minister for Foreign Affairs in Japan. The book was compiled during his two years in prison as a result of a War Crimes trial, and checked and annotated after his release in 1950. The theme of this historical examination is the policy which transformed Japan from being the friend and ally of Western democracies to their bitter and savage enemy. Shigemitsu wrote with authority both from his personal experience as a statesman and his years of reputation as a scholar. The translation has been made by Mr. Oswald White, formerly Consul-General in the old Consular Service in Japan. It is claimed for this book that it is not official but authentic history and the instructed will be able to form their own views on this.

First of the novels, in more senses than one, is Mr. John Wain's THE CONTENDERS (Macmillan. 13s. 6d.); a study, half satiric and half compassionate, of rivalry between two young men who grow up in the same dingy Midlands town, find success there or in the wider scope of London and, throughout their years of friendship, are rivals in something more profound than business affairs. Observing them, befriending them, too, is a third contemporary from the ugly town, one who has his own measures for success and to whom, finally, the unpredictable happens. This novel may not have the bite of *Hurry on Down*, but it is astonishingly readable—astonishingly because the characters never escape the drabness of their early environment quite as completely as the author must have wished. But Mr. Wain has much wit and a freshness of observation that frees the story from *clichés* of expression just as much as from *clichés* of thought.

In THE DREAMING SUBURB (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.) Mr R. F. Delderfield has a subject perfectly suited to his talent for the simply stated and the sympathetically understood. The district of his imagining is familiar enough to most of us: a southern suburb not a thousand miles, as they say in gossip columns, from Croydon or Shirley or Addiscombe. The time is from the middle of the First World War to the middle of the Second and the list of characters exist comfortably within the confines of their domestic frame, while yet being typical of the range of human ambition in a dozen social circles.

One man works for money and power and there is no bathos in the fact that he finds both within the limits of a chain of small grocery shops. Another is, man and boy, a romantic; a third graduates through all the spectrum of political colourings. The women, too, reach out for the desires of their heads or hearts and many of them find achievement. Through it all and with all the varied strands of the plot to manage and disentangle, the writer keeps his coolly affectionate gaze on his cast and pursues them, undramatically but very effectively, through all their mutations. A thoroughly likable book.

MANDEVILLA (Harrap. 15s.) can be said, without the odium of comparison, to be a kind of *Jalna* or *Whiteoaks* transferred to South Africa, and a very good thing, too, since family chronicles have so much to recommend them to writer and reader alike and since Kate Thompson has much of that cosy faith in the domestic saga which has sustained Miss Mazo de la Roche through the years. This is a South Africa, or more particularly a Cape Province, untouched by the Strijdoms of life or even by the problems which exercise the Strijdoms. In the beautiful (and admirably described) setting of the mountains and the wine valleys near Cape Town, Kate Thompson has placed her modern descendants of a Huguenot family and demonstrated their many virtues and their few vices. The story she tells is curiously undramatic in spite of its undercurrent of violence and the best thing by far about the novel is its strongly pictorial quality which is as telling as anything I have read, in fiction, about that picturesque corner of the world.

From the United States comes Miss Taylor Caldwell's unashamedly melodramatic family story, THE SOUND OF THUNDER (Collins. 16s.), which, if not exactly the mixture as before, is most certainly the kind of thing h faithful fans enjoy and eagerly expect from her. Th family in question is a German one in origin, settled in small American city and working hard to keep and better themselves. At least, the father, the mother an one of the sons slave away while the other children accep their sacrifice as perfectly normal if it will buy one a pian and the others equipment and training for the careers o which they have decided. As the boy grows to manhoo and eventually middle-age, the family still battens on hir to the impotent fury of his wife, and it is the story of th man's relations with these *succubi* that Miss Caldwe tells with considerable force.

MOVE OVER, MOUNTAIN (Hodder and Stoughto 15s.) is another American novel, this time about Nort Carolina and a family of Negroes in which all the brothe go North and win a degree of success, except one, wh works and economises for years towards that goal, onl to find when he has saved almost enough that his happines lies at home with his wife and his own two boys. This i a first novel by Mr. John Ehle and an impressive one simply told and moving in its sincerity.

SIAMESE COUNTERPART (Cresset Press. 15s.) ha greater overtones of sophistication but, again, here is novel in which people, silly, imperfect, fascinating humar beings, and not an elaborate plot, make the story's motive Apart from that, Elizabeth Lake's novel is one of two thi week with exotic backgrounds, in her case Thailand. Th country, with its temples, green rice fields, waterways an neatly-made little people, is evoked by this writer with a almost magical clarity so that, for the space of her book the reader is living in another world and civilisation.

Mr. Jan Carew's BLACK MIDAS (Secker and Warburg 16s.) is set in British Guiana and is the tale of a youn Negro who, after an unconventional upbringing, run away to join the workers, called the "pork knockers," i the up-country diamond mines. The graph of his successe and failures soon has the erratic outline of the Dolomite and Mr. Carew, whose first novel this is and who come from that land himself, treats his hero with a kind of wr friendliness. An unusual book and full of promise for th writer's future.

THE STARS GROW PALE (Methuen. 16s.) is th moving story of a young Danish boy who gradually lose his sight until he suffers complete blindness and learns t live with this throughout his life. Mr. Karl Bjarnho writes from tragic knowledge of such a disaster and ha given us a book from which sentimentality is totally absen and which has a very real message of hope and compensa tion. The translation from the Danish original has bee made by Naomi Walford.

Mr. D. L. Murray's ROMAN CAVALIER (Hodde and Stoughton. 18s.) is first of the historical novels thi week and has at least two reasons for attracting our atten tion. One is that Mr. Murray has chosen the origina setting of Rome in the early 1660's and another is that hi meticulous research has brought real animation to hi personages, whether of fiction, such as the English gentle man who tells the story, or ex-Queen Christina of Swede who makes a dramatic appearance in it. Recommende to those who like their cloak-and-dagger play to be ou of the ordinary.

THE WITCHES (Macdonald. 15s.) is a story of th Scottish conspiracy against King James VI, said to hav been plotted by "sundry witches and sorcerers." Mr. Ja Williams who tells the horrific and exciting tale, is a American writer of considerable talent and his book ha great romantic dash without affectations. **Vernon Fane.**

CONTROVERSIAL RICHARD

A Careful Assessment of the Lion Heart

The character of Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Aquitaine and Gascony, King of Arles and conqueror of Cyprus, has always been a matter of some controversy. When he was killed by an arrow from one of those devilish crossbows which he himself introduced to the French, some felt that it was poetic justice. There were, of course, the usual courtly epitaphs and those also that represented Richard as the ideal hero of chivalry, but popular feeling against Richard, so far as it was vocal, was bitterly opposed to him for his lust, avarice and tyrannical pride; he was a sort of poison in the blood of the people. Philip Henderson, in his new biography, RICHARD CŒUR DE LION (Robert Hale. 21s.), bases his study both on contemporary chronicles and more recent research, and has attempted a balanced assessment of the controversial King, this third son of Henry II and the beautiful and accomplished Eleanor of Aquitaine, a man of many gifts and vices, all of them something more than life-size. Mr. Henderson is an accomplished writer, marshalling his facts with skill and discernment, and the result is a readable and enlightening biography.

It was only natural that Thor Heyerdahl, after his *Kon Tiki* adventure, that romantic exploration of the affinities between the peoples of South America and the Polynesian group, involving a voyage by raft along the track of the Humboldt Current, should have turned his attention to that other great mystery of the Pacific, Easter Island. This Chilean dependency 2,000 miles west of the South American coast and 1,100 miles from Pitcairn, the nearest inhabited island, has long been famed for its remarkable archæological remains, not least the great burial platforms and the massive statue surmounting them. These monuments have puzzle scientists for centuries. Thor Heyerdahl and his fellow workers were determined to explore these mysteries and they did so with the help of the Easter Islanders who came to believe that Señor "Kon Tiki," as the called him, was one of their own ancestors returned t them, one who possessed a powerful *aku aku*, a privat guardian spirit which helped him in everything he unde took. The success of the expedition is revealed in th book which Thor Heyerdahl now presents to the world He calls it AKU AKU : THE SECRET OF EASTE ISLAND (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), and with the a of maps and a host of magnificent photographs in colou proceeds to show the life of the islanders to-day again the background of what his excavations revealed. Ho the ancestors of the present islanders, with only stick and stones, erected those colossal statues in huma shape that rise to 30 or 40 ft. and weigh as much a 70 tons apiece is an astonishing story. Here is a docu ment of scientific importance allied to a tale of hig adventure. Of its best-selling potentialities there is n shadow of doubt.

E. F. C. Ludowyck probes an ancient civilisatio on the other side of the world in THE FOOTPRIN OF THE BUDDHA (Allen and Unwin. 30s.). Her he tells of the coming of Buddhism to Ceylon, con centrating his attention on the magnificent monumenta

A YEAR TO REMEMBER

THE BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR 1958 (Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd; prices from 5 gns., according to binding) is in the series of annual volumes which are intended as supplements and additions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* itself. As the editor points out, 1957, the year with which his contributors deal, was one to remember. During it the bounds of human knowledge were excitingly extended. "Space Exploration" has a lengthy and well-deserved entry for the first time. However it is doubtful whether the pictures of the launching of Sputnik I, taken from a Soviet film, bear any relation to the reality. Unfortunately the date of publication does not allow the full story to be told of that other great exploit of exploration, the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition. At the beginning of the book is a most useful and concise "Diary of Events" and in the 500 pages which follow, ranging from Accountancy to Zoology, small incidents have their place beside the big subjects. For instance, two London boroughs notified cases of imported smallpox.

A CENTURY OF PUBLISHING: Dr. Desmond Flower (on the right), who is chairman of the publishing house of Cassell, speaks at the private view of "The Author and His Publisher Exhibition" at The Times Bookshop in Wigmore Street. Manuscripts and first editions, ranging from *The Working Man's Friend and Family Instructor*, first published in 1850, to recent works, including author's proofs of Sir Winston Churchill's *The Second World War*, are on show in this collection of "gleanings" taken from the archives of Cassell's.

A volume such as this has to be somewhat hurried into print, otherwise some of the articles would surely be less dogmatic and more considered. The contribution on "Dead Sea Scrolls" identifies them with the Essenes or a closely-related sect. It is wrong to imply there is general scholarly agreement about this. Some scholars hold very different views. Again, under "The U.S.S.R.," the reader is given categorical information about the crisis in the Presidium, the rivalry between Khrushchev and Molotov, and the reasons for the downfall of the latter. The story as told may be correct. But it should be qualified as speculative, not given as definite. On another subject, in the review of the Royal Family in 1957, some might feel that too much weight is allowed to the Altrincham-Muggeridge controversy. Can one even begin to suggest that their utterances had any influence on Buckingham Palace? However, such minor points of criticism as these do not detract from the value of a work of reference and information which is an essential in any library claiming to be up to date. **C. D.**

Buddhist remains at Mihintale, Anuradhapura, and Polonnaruva, once known as the buried cities of Ceylon and now revealed through modern-day excavation. This is a work of scholarship, superbly understanding of the past, beautifully written and, incidentally, well presented, as such a book should be.

Naomi Mitchison's OTHER PEOPLE'S WORLDS (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) has more the character of an extended series of articles for an important Sunday newspaper than a book of lasting importance, but these impressions of a six-week visit to Ghana and Nigeria are full of close observance and shrewd comment. They will be read with great interest by those who want to know more about these up-and-coming countries "on the left-hand side of Africa."

Esylt Newbery has written an excellent autobiography which she calls PARSON'S DAUGHTER (Robert Hale. 18s.). She shows us just how racy and colloquial a parson's daughter can be when conjuring up the memories which began in a Radnorshire parsonage and have since been gathered in many corners of the world among a wonderful diversity of people.

For serious students of American folk music THEY ALL PLAYED RAGTIME (Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s.) is a "must." The authors are Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis, who show how this new sort of music was evolved in the honky-tonks and saloons of St. Louis and Sedalia. They have interviewed many of the survivors of ragtime days, and have also got together a fine selection of photographs of the men who made this weird and wonderful music. **R. C. E.**

"ROMEO AND JULIET" OPENS THE STRATFORD SEASON: Richard Johnson as Romeo, Angela Baddeley (the Nurse) and Dorothy Tutin (Juliet) are making their first appearances in these roles. Dorothy Tutin is also making her debut at Stratford. This production by Glen Byam Shaw opens the ninety-ninth season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre next Tuesday, April 8. Other leading parts are being played by Edward Woodward as Mercutio, Ron Haddrick as Tybalt, Mark Dignam as Capulet, Rachel Kempson as Lady Capulet and Cyril Luckham as Friar Laurence. Incidental music for *Romeo and Juliet* has been composed by Leslie Bridgewater. The other plays in the season are *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet*, *Pericles* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, and the company will include Michael Redgrave, Googie Withers and Geraldine McEwan. Paul Robeson, the American Negro singer and actor, has been invited to play the part of Gower in the production of *Pericles*.

THE START OF THE STRATFORD SEASON

On left—

ROMANCE IN VERONA: Romeo and Juliet embrace. The sets and costumes for the production have been designed by Motley and are based on the work of Pinturicchio, the late fifteenth-century Italian painter, from Perugia, who helped Perugino paint the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

ROADS, MODELS AND ACCESSORIES

Looking Ahead to Budget Day; A New Jaguar for Export; Britain's New Roads; And Other Items of Interest to Motorists

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

FOR the British motorist Easter—apart from its religious significance—means one of two things. He may welcome it as a sign that the motoring season has really arrived, and rush out to join the bumper-to-bumper queues on the main roads (a subject which is also referred to by our Industrial Correspondent on page 29). Or he may recoil from that prospect, resolutely lock his car in the garage and spend his Easter gardening. If he adopts the latter course he will have plenty of time, while digging and sowing, to ponder on the growing costs of motoring; and maybe to speculate on what surprises the Chancellor of the Exchequer may have in store for him on April 15.

I see the A.A. and R.A.C. have already got in an early Budget sighting shot: a joint letter to Mr. Heathcoat Amory asking him to cut fuel tax (still 2s. 6d. a gallon), purchase tax (now 60 per cent.) and vehicle licence dues.

A bit of tantalising news for motorists just before Easter was the announcement of a new Jaguar model: a roadster version of the 3½-litre XK 150 sports two-seater, which is already in production in hard-top and drophead forms. It was tantalising news, because the entire output will be reserved for export (and particularly for the U.S.) for "many months." For this reason Sir William Lyons has not yet fixed the home market price.

The new model has a mohair hood which stows neatly behind the seats. It is available with three different mechanical specifications. There is a standard model of 190 b.h.p.; a "special equipment" model with a 210 b.h.p. engine and disc brakes; and a 140 m.p.h. model, to be known as the "S" type, with an engine which develops 250 b.h.p. The new Jaguar makes its debut to-day at the New York Automobile Show.

Jaguar fans will be interested to hear, by the way, that the Jaguar Owners' Club are holding their first Continental rally in Spain from May 26 to June 1. Competitors will start from San Sebastian and the rally route terminates at Seville.

Rolls-Royce and Bentley have developed a car refrigeration unit which impressed me greatly when I tried out the system recently. I am not, of course, referring to a portable ice-box in which Rolls and Bentley owners can take delicacies to point-to-point picnics. This new refrigerator cools the air inside the car. It is a device for which Rolls and Bentley salesmen have found a big demand in countries where the summer heat can make motoring very uncomfortable. Similar systems are already available on several American cars.

The Rolls refrigerator works on the same vapour compression principle as many domestic "fridges," only it is fifty times as powerful. The refrigerant used is Dichlorodifluoromethane, and this is what happens when the refrigerator is switched on: a special pump driven by the engine and located under the bonnet compresses the gas to raise its temperature. It is then passed through a condenser situated in front of the radiator. This removes the heat and changes the refrigerant from a gas into a liquid. Next, the liquid goes through an expansion valve to reduce its temperature by lowering the pressure. Finally, it is fed through an evaporator installed in the car boot. From an air stream taken from inside the car the evaporator extracts enough heat to turn the refrigerant from liquid back to gaseous form. The air thus cooled is ducted back into the car.

Motorists who are planning to tow a caravan this summer or are going abroad with heavily laden cars might like to know about the Koni shock absorber. It is a Dutch product which has found high favour among rally drivers. In fact, five of the seven highest-placed cars in this year's Monte Carlo Rally were fitted with Koni shock absorbers. They are hydraulic and telescopic. What distinguishes them from most other shock absorbers is that they are adjustable either for wear or to match a car to varying loads. It is only a ten-minute job to adjust them at the roadside. They cost £3 15s. each in a size suitable for a car like the Ford Anglia. For a Jaguar Mark VIII or Armstrong Siddeley they cost £5 17s. 6d. each. The concessionaires for Britain are Postland Engineering. Ltd., of Crowland, near Peterborough.

WORK BEGINS ON BRITAIN'S NEW MOTORWAY: A general view of the scene last week at Slip End, near Luton Hoo, as mechanical excavators prepared to start work on the construction of the £20,000,000 London to Birmingham Motorway. The work was inaugurated by Mr. Harold Watkinson, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.

Road-builders are at work in many parts of Britain. The number of places at which improvement schemes are in progress grows daily. Some motorists say the Ministry of Transport is merely nibbling at the problem; that instead of tinkering with our existing stage-coach highways it should be boldly creating a modern network of brand-new traffic arteries. But even the roads, vital though they are to the nation's economic health, must be related to its financial situation. I personally find it heartening to see all this road-building going on. It is not all "tinkering."

Work has recently begun on the London-Birmingham motorway and the St. Albans by-pass, which will link up with it to form a modern twin-track highway nearly 70 miles long and reserved exclusively for motor traffic. Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, went along to Luton Hoo to inaugurate the work. He went up in a helicopter and flew along the line of the motorway at a speed slower than that of the 70 m.p.h. traffic stream that should be flowing along the new road by Christmas of next year. For John Laing and Sons Ltd., have promised to complete the £15,000,000 contract for 53 miles of the road in nineteen months: by October 31, 1959. Tarmac Engineering have similarly undertaken to build the 14-mile-long St. Albans by-pass (cost about £5,000,000) in nineteen months so that they can be opened simultaneously.

Work will also start this month on the Maidstone by-pass. This will be seven miles long. It will be built to motor road standards, with three fly-over junctions and a new Medway bridge. The work will cost about £2,250,000. That part of it which is being put in hand this month is being done by Richard Costain, Ltd. They are to build five miles of the by-pass at a cost of £1,500,000. The contract for the remainder of the work has yet to be placed.

Lincoln Cars Ltd., U.K. concessionaires for American-built Fords, recently let me try out the 1958, Canadian-built, right-hand drive Fairlane 500 Town Sedan. It is a big, powerful saloon in the American tradition. It makes people turn and stare and wonder. If your motoring ideal is to travel fast in great comfort, this is the sort of car to make you happy. It is easy to drive, with steering that is so delightfully light you could be excused for thinking it had power assistance. The model I drove (it costs £2,531, including tax) had automatic transmission: the new Cruise-o-Matic system, which works very well, changes gear for you so smoothly that you can scarcely tell when it is happening.

With Cruise-o-Matic there are two "drive" positions for the control lever. If you move it to D1 the car moves off in the lowest of the car's three gears and, at the right moment, changes up into the middle and top ratios. If you choose D2 the car moves off in middle gear. The Fairlane has an enormously powerful V8 engine of 5.4 litres. The acceleration is really impressive.

Visitors to the Duke of Richmond's motor-racing circuit at Goodwood (Sussex) on Monday will be impressed by the £20,000 improvement scheme which has been carried out during the winter. There is now a vehicle tunnel under the track, so that while racing is in progress cars can reach the redesigned paddock and the new car park provided inside the circuit for members of the British Automobile Racing Club. Members will also be able to drive round inside the circuit to watch the racing from new vantage points. A second new tunnel has been excavated under the track for pedestrians. It will give access to a new central area which has been opened up for the general public.

Monday's programme will include a 100-mile-race for 2½-litre Formula One cars. Entries include two B.R.M.s (to be driven by Jean Behra and Harry Schell) and the Cooper-Climax, owned by Mr. Rob Walker, in which Stirling Moss won the Argentine Grand Prix in January. Moss will be driving it again. Two factory-entered Coopers will be driven by Roy Salvadori and Jack Brabham; there will be a works Ferrari with Mike Hawthorn at the wheel, and the field also includes a number of Maseratis and Connaughts.

Motorists who are going on a Continental tour are offered free help by the Shell Company. All they need do is to ask for a touring service postcard at any Shell station, fill in details of the journey and post it to Shell. They will receive an excellent planning map of Europe, a foreign language phrase-book, and other tourist literature. This will shortly include road maps of the individual European countries it is intended to visit. The map of Europe is a fascinating piece of work. One side features a colour map of Europe showing all main through routes and connecting roads. On the other side is an outline map of Europe indicating the distance, in kilometres, between important points. More than 1,000 Shell stations in Western Europe have a touring information office equipped with a wide range of reference books, including hotel and restaurant guides.

Aston Martin Lagonda Ltd., a subsidiary of the David Brown Corporation, have been given a Royal Warrant of Appointment to the Duke of Edinburgh, and are permitted to display his personal arms. Prince Philip runs a Lagonda.

A JAGUAR FOR EXPORT: The XK150 is to make its debut at New York to-day (Saturday). It is available with three different mechanical specifications.

V. W. Motors Ltd., U.K. concessionaries for Volkswagen cars, have opened a new head office, service station and showroom at St. John's Wood, near Lord's cricket ground. They have taken over Lord's Court: premises with 50,000 sq. ft. of space formerly occupied by the Rootes Group. They have facilities there for the servicing and repair of between 300 and 400 vehicles a week. Mr. James Graydon, managing director of V.W. Motors, now owned by the Tilling Group, claims there are 23,000 V.W. owners in Britain. Last year 4,500 cars were sold in the U.K. During the current year they are planning to bring in 5,000.

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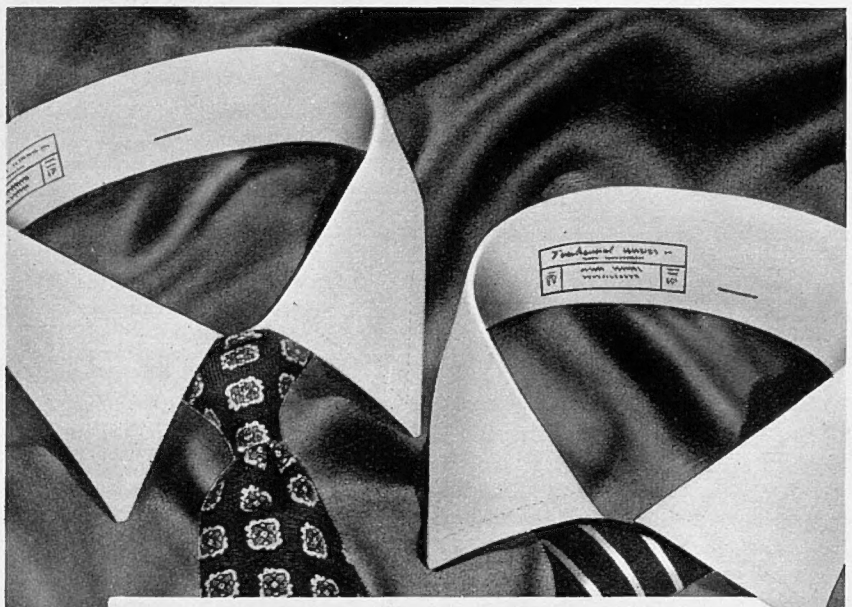

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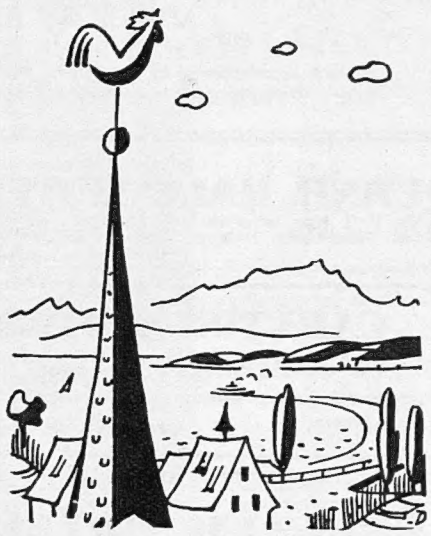

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I WONDER HOW MANY gardenless garden-lovers there are bereft of home roots, and now town-dwellers in flats, service rooms and residential hotels ?

How they must miss their own garden in springtime; the first crocus, trees breaking into bud and birds engaged in their spring rhapsodies.

There is little consolation to be had in towns. True, there are public gardens, parks and squares, but so unsatisfying in their artificiality. So let me suggest a spring holiday at an hotel where gardens tended with loving pride vie with the comfort and good fare within.

If you have a fancy for Devon, where spring makes one of her earliest debuts, a number of addresses occur to me. Let us enter from Dorset because, on your way to Devon, I would suggest a few nights at Charmouth House Hotel at little-spoilt Charmouth, where I could not want for more than to awake one April or May morning and listen to the birds and see beyond a shimmering sea. Our first stay in Devon itself must be Sidmouth, where almost every house seems to have its garden. If you are looking for a homely, friendly and charmingly furnished hotel and garden, the small Cedar Shade will prove ideal. A few miles further westward is Exmouth and the Devoncourt Hotel will interest those who seek the spaciousness of a larger hotel, yet still appreciate that touch which resident and experienced proprietors can give.

Three points which, apart from comfort and good food, always attract me to Mr. and Mrs. W. Swinnerton's hotel are its spick and spanness, its delightful location away from traffic and day excursionists, and the lovely grounds where every tree, plant and shrub is labelled. So, garden-lovers, take a good-sized notebook with you.

Many hotels in nature's beauty spot, Torquay, are blessed with attractive gardens. In internationally known hotels such as The Grand and The Imperial, I always feel that if it were possible to ascertain how hotels arrive at their tariff charges, gardeners' wages and garden replacements must be quite an item, and, personally, it is one that I would never begrudge. One Torquay hotel I am particularly anxious to stay at in springtime is The Rosetor, which has been the personal pride of the Brockman family since they opened it back in 1905. Once the home of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the philanthropist, high standards are practised in catering service and comfort, with the gardens a riot of colour for a good part of the year; Rosetor visitors have, as well, the advantage of an uninterrupted vista over the grounds of Torre Abbey.

Leaving Torquay, we come to those tucked-away rivers, the Dart and the Yealm. On a bank of the former is that suntrap village of Stoke Gabriel, four miles from Totnes and seven from Torquay. How charming you will find The Gabriel Court Hotel, whose four acres of terraced gardens are always a source of delight. Here, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Moggridge have built up a commendable reputation for a standard of catering that reflects the freshness and goodness of their own surrounds.

Before weaving our way round Devon lanes to the Yealm, we must first take the Totnes–Kingsbridge road, looking out, two miles short of the latter town, for the directional signs to Buckland-Tout-Saints Hotel, a Georgian Manor lying half a mile beyond the tiny village of Goveton, 1¾ miles east of the main road. Here, indeed, is a find for both gastronomes and garden-lovers. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Prime realise that intelligent cooking (Swiss chef) is best enjoyed in gracious surroundings. Furnished throughout in excellent taste and quality, its 27 acres of grounds are lovely at any time of the year, but particularly so from March to June, when, apart from the thousands of spring bulbs, there will be found a fine collection of early azaleas, camellias and rhododendrons set among the palms and New Zealand fern trees of their sheltered sub-tropical garden. Many, too, will envy Mr. and Mrs. Prime for their well-kept walled gardens, which keep the hotel so well stocked in flowers, fruit and vegetables.

And now, whether or not you have "green fingers," we must wander on to that unspoilt sheltered paradise on the Yealm, Newton Ferrers, to visit Court House Hotel. The private home of Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Adie until a year or so back, they, being the type of people they are, said, in so many words, "Why keep such loveliness to ourselves, let 's share it with others."

The essence of the attraction of Court House is that it is essentially a house to be freely enjoyed by all who stay there with Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Adie, natural and friendly hosts. The catering is intelligent, cooked, served, presented in an attractive, personal and correct manner, the accompaniment of vintage wines, and properly kept cigars are there for the asking. The old-world grounds comprise lawns, herbaceous walks, fruit and vegetables in profusion, and through them a winding path leads down to that magnet of attraction—the river.

I have only been able to touch on the coastal area of South Devon, yet there are other Devon hotel gardens that will surely appeal, and I can, as my allotted space is complete, give you the following addresses: Near Barnstaple, Muddiford—Broomhill, the guest home of Mrs. E. C. Chappell; Chagford, on the edge of Dartmoor—Greet Tree Hotel, whose 20 acres of grounds are always a picture, write to Mrs. L. E. Temple; near Exeter, Pinhoe—Gipsy Hill Hotel, surrounded by gardens of typical English country-house charm, write to Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Castle; near Honiton—Deer Park Hotel, write to Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirkland; and last, but by no means least, Woodford Bridge Hotel, Milton Damerel, near Bideford, where you are likely to find Commander Sholto Douglas in the garden and his wife in the kitchen.

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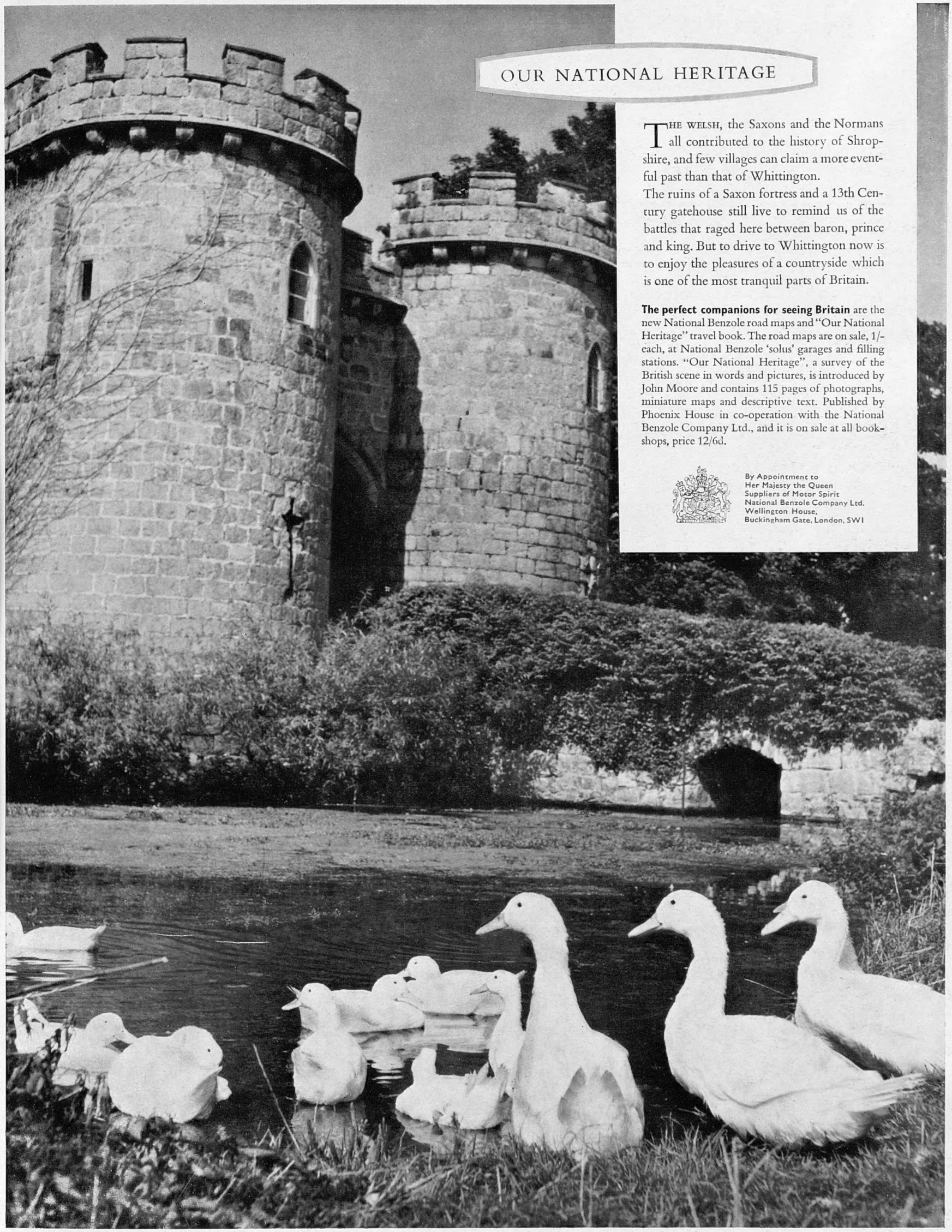

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